

St. CECILY:

OR,

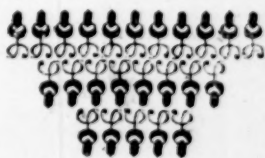
The Converted Twins.

A Christian Tragedy.

Written by E. M.

Never before Published.

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To Her Sacred MAJESTY,
THE
QUEEN-*Confort*.

MADAME,

THere is so great a distance between the Meanness of a Comedian, and the Majesty of a Crown'd Head, that the presumption of this Address may occasion some, to charge me with an Oblivion of the former, and want of reverence to the Sacrednesse of the latter. 'Tis true, at the first blush, it might appear so; but I have this self-encouragement, that my applications are made to a Greatnesse surrounded with Goodnesse; to an equal transcendency of Power and Piety: and These regard not so much the Merit, as the Humility of the Supplyant.

Bnt, MADAME, when I finde represented in this small Piece, the Triumphs of Divine Love over all the most alluring Concerns of Sublunary Happinesse; When I reflect on a tender Virginitie, defying all the charming enjoyments of this World, nay what's most harsh to the delicacy of that fair sex, Torture; When I see enflam'd Youth, by an Heroick contempt, spurning the greatest Pleasures, to court the Crosse of Christ: When I observe the
A 2 suddex,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

sudden, yet efficacious Operations of that Winde which bloweth where it listeth, converting a Saul into a Paul, a Persecutor into a Sufferer : And lastly, when I consider, how the want of an humble Perseverance (like an unexpected Wrack within the Port) made way to the Apostasie of one ready to lay hold on the Crown of Martyrdom : When these Reflexions fill my thoughts, how should I conceive any Patronage too great for so great Examples.

These, MADAME, were the Inducements pre-wail'd with me, to offer them to that of your Sacred Majesty : For, where should Innocency, Vertue, Piety, and all the other amazing heights of Christian life, expect to be more kindly entertain'd, than where they are in the highest degree practis'd ? Whilest then they are admitted into so Royall a Presence, if I can but press in, as the meanest Attendant, after so Noble a Train, it will be only with this hope, that Your Majesty may, though at a great distance shed some providential Graces upon,

MADAME,

Your Majesties most dutifull

and most Obedient Servant,

M. MEDBURNE.

T H E
A R G U M E N T.

CECILIE Daughter of *Marcus* and *Flavia*, was a young Virgin, beautiful, well descended, and, though she had secretly vow'd *Virginity*, yet out of compliance with the disposal of her parents, married to a Nobleman of *Rome*, named *Valerian*, then a Worshipper of Idols, but afterward by her perswaded to embrace the *Christian Faith*: That done, they both joyn their endeavours for the *Conversion* of *Tiburtius*, Younger Brother to *Valerian*, and his *Corrival*; and these also prov'd effectual.

The two *Brothers*, having declar'd themselves *Christians*, were by the Prator *Almachius* condemn'd to die, which Sentence being first executed on *Tiburtius*, occasion'd his precedence in the *Martyrology*, before his Elder Brother *Valerian*. *Maximus* (the Principal Officer appointed to see this Execution) rendring *Almachius* an account of it, avers, that he had seen their souls convey'd to heaven by two bright Angels: which acknowledgement inducing divers present to profess Christianity, *Maximus* is beaten to death with Staves, having Plummets of Lead fasten'd to the ends of them.

Cecilie, the Worker of all these Enchauntments as they thought, is for these Crimes, especially her debauching the Two *Brothers* from the service of the gods, condemn'd to the flames, and to that end dispos'd into a dry Bath surrounded with fire; but that not approaching her body in the space of a Day and Night, order was given for her *beheading*. In that Execution, after she had receiv'd three blows, which seem'd to have sever'd her head from her body,

The Argument.

body, she liv'd three dayes, during which, she gain'd her Parents, and made this her last request, that the House, wherein she had liv'd, might be converted into a Church, which it was, and afterward consecrated by Bishop
URBAN.

If any be desirous of a more particular Information concerning the persons before mentioned, as also of the strange and remarkable accident, which happen'd between *Saphirius* and *Nicephorus*, they may consult the Writers of *Ecclesiastical History*, who have given an account of them. But those being not so obvious, they may shorten their satisfaction by looking into the *Collection of Saints Lives*, set out by some late Authors of the *Roman Church*, wherein they shall find those of *Tiburtius*, *Valerian*, *Maximus*, &c. on the 14th. day of *April*; and that of *St. Cecillie* on the 22th. of *November*, in the year of our Lord *CCXXV*. in the *Persecution* under the Emperour *Alexander Severus*.

To

To his ingenious and learned Friends, the Author
and Publisher of this Christian Tragedy,

IT is the custome of this brain-sick Age,
To boast with boldness and fanatick Rage,
An imitation of that Doctrine pure,
For which the Primitive Christians did endure
Afflictions, Torments, nay the losse of life;
Each vying in a holy Zeal and Strife
T' outgo the other; but if once it come
To feel the Persecutions, that in Rome
First Catechumens suffred; straight they cry
Quis requisivit, such Hyperbole
Of Faith, as should produce in any one
Such Works of Supererogation?
Alas! Weak Fondlings, it is not enough
To cloak Religion with new-fangled stuffe,
And then cry out Antiquity! You must
Believe and honour the Old Martyrs dust.
Reason and True Religion best agree,
As Discords make compleatest Harmony.
Happy the strain of your ingenious Pen,
That doth refresh the memory agen
Of Pious Martyrs, and Thy labour too
For publishing the same, deserves its due,
Which shall be this, still to preserve your Name
To equal date with St. Cecilia's Fame:
Who living did in Vertue so excel,
That even her Death became a Miracle.
And if hereafter you no more shall do,
To second this, yet we will boast, that you
Have so to life the Martyrs drawn herein,
As would invite a Heathen to begin.
To live and do, and then like them to die,
Inroll'd in Records of Eternity.

Cease then, vain World, to rail against a Play,
Since this shews pure Religion; If you say
Therefore it is Prophane, change but the Name
Call it a Sermon, and it is the same,
With Use and Doctrine too; and since you make
Religion so much Droll, ne're shame to take
From hence a Pattern, better than have none:
By Acting seem to have Religion.

T. M. Med. Tem. Soc.

Exemologis Apologetica.

Were I the *Author*, had an *Angel's Pen*,
 I think, I scarce should ever write agen ;
 Unless the *Criticks* will *contrast* and *swear*
 They'l out of *pity* pardon me *this Year* ;
 And give me leave freely to *vend* a *Book*
 I hazarded to *print*, which seem'd forfook,
 Because the *Author* had no *Name* that might
 Conjure and *charm* the *Reader* at first sight.
 As 'tis with *Stationers*, so with the *Theatre* too,
 The *Author* must be *famous*, else 'two'nt do.

But stay --- what need I fear the *Criticks* spite ?
 While they are ignorant, who it is do's *write* ,
 They neither know whom to *condemn* nor *praise* ;
 But if they did, his *Vertue* has *Allays*,
 That can *dispen*ce with either *passion*, and
 Submit his *Judgement*, and with-hold his *hand*.

M. M.

Drammatis Personæ.

Valerian	} Twins and Noblemen of	Maximus, his chief Officer.
Tiburtius		Rome.
Marcus	} Father and	Saphticius, } Christians.
Flavia		Mother
Cecilie, their Daughter.	} to Cecilie.	Urbanus, Bishop of Rome.
Angusta, her Waiting-Woman.		Angel.
Metricio, her Poet.		Devil.
Phantasio, her Musitian.		Headsmen.
Palinodio her Gentleman-Usher.		Officers.
Turcius Almachius, a Judge.		Watchmen.
		Attendants.

St. C E



St. CECILIE,

OR,

The Converted Tvins.

ACTUS I.

Enter TIBURTIUS SOLUS.

Tib.



Younger Brother, ---- true ; I am but so ;
 Yet younger is comparative : why then,
 I may compare in blood, in worth, in all,
 But that of time, when the surrounding Sun,
 Rides Circuit in his Sphere. And what are dayes ?
 But ever-dying Brothers hatcht by light,

Till *Sol* turns Retrograde ? and then good night. ----

But now 'tis morn, to which I open first,
 A pair of Chrystals : And in this respect,
 While yet *Valerian* sleeps, I seem to be
 The Elder Brother ; Say, he did out-strip
 Me once, an hour, or such a matter, when
 We tvins were bedding in one darksome room,
 Where first he wak'd ; and from the tyring house,
 (The Wombe,) came to the Stage of this vast world,
 To act the mournfull, silly Babe, and cry.

B

Yet

St. *Cecilie*, Or,

Yet now, as not surviving, he, nor eats,
 Nor drinks, nor hears, nor understands so much
 As that he lives; have I not (then) gain'd hours
 Of him that sleeps? May seem the elder brother;
 At least in one precedence, if the light
 His mistress darts, illustrates first my sight. —
 This is the house; the Pallace might have said,
 Where Lady *Cecilie* the fair is lodg'd.

Enter *Valerian*.

It were too great a happiness to see
 But those her brighter Starves. But ah too soon
 My Brother's here. Suspicion is a restless
 Inmate; and Jealousie too swift of wing,
 Will not permit a Rival in his Love. —
 The goodly structure here I must admire,
 And not the Beauty that's contain'd within;
 Gaze on the Cabinet nor view the Gemme.

Val. Good morrow Brother.

Tib. The gods give you as much.

Val. Yare wondrous godly grown of late: as if
 Heaven were your Book; or turn'd Astronomer
 Were rapt in Contemplation, viewing how,
 With equal measure in the Azure plain,
 Each Constellation, keeps his course, and round.

Tib. 'Tis even so. But when I lower stoop,
 My greedy ear, from you bright Casement, charm'd;
 Would hear those sweeter strains of harmony;
 To ravish my dull soul with Admiration.

Val. No more of that. Be *Uranoscopus*;
 A Fish whose goggle-eyes, fixt on his Crown,
 Is gazing on the starry spangled skie.
 So you — stoop not t'an earthly Deity.

Tib. Mark but the sway an Elder brother bears. —
 Sir, when *Gemini* predominate, they say,
 The heats are doubled. You and I were twins;
 May then participate in Love; as well.
 As heretofore in life.

Val. Know your Devoir.
 And let the Nonage, though but of an hour —

Tib. What?

Val. Make you know your self.

Tib. To be your Brother. —

The Converted Twins.

3

We had but one Horoscopus : but one
Ascendent in Nativity. If under
Venus you were born, why not I ? or else ----

Val. What else, but that you are impertinent.

Tib. Else *Mars* became my Zenith, and not yours.

Val. Yet I can wield a Sword.

Tib. And I dare fight.

Enter Palinodio in haste.

Pal. Gentlemen, or Lords, or whatso'ere you be,
I must be bold to interrupt you.

Val. How ?

Pal. Crave but a period to your loud discourse.

Val. Speak that agen, and——

Pal. Nay, speak your pleasures,
Gentlemen ; and if your voyce be consonant
To what you promise outwardly.

Val. VVhat then ?

Pal. Y'are worthy Gentlemen. Yet I could wish
A moderation of your Dialect.

Tib. VVhy, what art thou ?

Pal. My Name may intimate,
That I am courteous, and respectful too,
Palinodio ; not to cant, but to recan
If I transgress beyond the precincts, o
A Gentleman Usher.

Val. To whom ?

Pal. Unto no less, than to the vertuous,
And most incomparable Lady, *Ce ilie*,
VVho 'bove th' Horizon of this Earthly Ball,
Rais'd to the service of th' immortal power,
Each day outstrips *Aurora*, in her course.
And cause she's now within her Oratory,
It is my duty to divert from hence,
Th' obstreperous.

Tib. The obstreperous ?

Pal. Not you,
Gentlemen ; but such as are her servants.

Val. Such am I, and thousands mo, my Attendants .

Pal. VVe have no employment, Sir, for so many.

Val. They are my thoughts, which from an endless source
Spring up, and like a swelling torrent flow,
To rest in her, and find a sweet repose.

B2

Pal.

*

Pal. Rest, and repose ! if you knew how wakeful
She is, and how she watches night by night,
You'd seek repose elsewhere. That Sir, is the
Short, I cannot say the long of the business :
For her sleeps go, but by snatches, like pocket
Purse raptures ; snap and away. Witness here.

Enter Augusta yawning,

My Ladies Woman , Mrs. *Angusta*
By Name, who by watching is as you see.

Ang. Au-gusta. Au-gusta ! who calls me there ?

Pal. Oh ! the ambition of a waiting woman !

Who even yawning, gapeth after honour.

Her Name's *Angusta*, rather *Angustula*.

Ang. Au-gusta ! Do's any body call me there ?

Pal. Marry that do I.

Ang. Marry that , marry pish !

Marry such a Skipjack Gentlemen Usher !

No I warrant you.

Pal. Warrant me Gossip !

I am warranted, by a virtuous Lady,

To be an observant, vigilant, and ---

Ang. A malapert, impertinent, extravagant
Gentleman-Usher. Marry thee ! *Au-gusta*.

Pal. Oh what greatness she yawns ! gapes barn-wide,
To strike in at last , with a thread-bare serving creature.

Ang. Gentlemen, or Lords, pardon my exorbitance.

I know not your occasions ; but this shadow

Of man , had so distracted my better thoughts,

That, till now, they were not so observant

As the quality of your personages,

Might more than exact, of your humblest servant.

Pal. So : now she begins to colloque to some purpose.

Tib. It seems, you are both servants to one Lady ?

Ang. He, as a Cipher ; I a digit , I

In her Bed-chamber ; from thence, he as remote

As our *Alpes*, from the *Pyrenean* Mountains.

My Lady is a chaste Lady, lives reserv'd ;

Follows not the vogue of our vainer times.

Val. Yet if you have a privilege 'bove the rest,

May we not by your powerful privacy,

Come to the Speech ---

Ang. What

The Converted Twins.

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Ang. What of my Lady, Sir?
No, but if I lend your eyes an happiness
To see, and hear her sing, will't not suffice
For the first time.

Val. Most abundantly.

Ang. Next time, the wakeful clock shall notice give,
(Her customary time of prayer expir'd,)

She on her Organ plays; to which she addes;

The heavenly rapture, of harmonious accents.

Clock strikes.

Hark now it strikes: Gentlemen come near; I dare

Contract the Curtain, that the echoing Air,

May usher to the heavens, her sweeter voice;

And that you may, be confident I have,

A free recourse unto her private Chamber,

Behold a Sonnet! not compos'd by her,

But by *Metricio*, her ingenious Poet.

Pal. I there goes the Hare away: a petulant

Poet, to make her Anagrams, is stil'd

Ingenious. I shall remember this.

Ang. I think she now will sing it; with your favour,

I'll read, that you may relish it the better:

Our Poet tells me I have a special grace;

In the rehearsal; seldom coincident

To those of our Sex. Which when my Lady chaunts,

Souls may be ravish'd, 'bove *Parnassus* height.

Reads the Song.

If each hive, of swarming bees,

Have a King, that careful sees,

To the Manage: and more sage,

Keeps the rest, in vassalage:

If each flock, of tender sheep,

Have a Swain, to feed and keep.

From the Wolf, that seeks his prey:

Or if onely one must sway;

In a Kingdom: needs must gods,

(Powers divided:) live at odds. ---

Then Bees, Sheep, and Subjects, we,

Can but have, one Deity.

Pack ye hence, you many Gods.

Powers divided, live at odds.

B 3

Val. Hum!

Val. Hum ! She contemns the gods.

Ang. And goddeffes :

Why she her self, may compare with *Venus*,
For Beauty ; with *Minerva* for Wisdom :
But not with Cuckold *Juno*, for Malice,
Towards *Aneas* that noble progenitor
Of our *Roman* Worthies.

Tib. Can she be vertuous ,
That so neglects, our more immortal Gods ?

Ang. Yes, and as far transcending your chaste *Vesta's*,
In purity ; as fulgent stars of heaven ;
Shine brighter, than a foggy *Ignis fatuus*.

Val. Howsoever, let's hear her voice.

Ang. Nor that.

Nay if you vilifie her worth : or but
Extenuate this favour ; you see your way. *Points to the Door.*

Val. Come, this will qualifie your rising spleen. *Gives her gold.*

Pal. Nay now I see shee'll be *Augusta*. 'Tis *Cecile* tunes the
But placing the *N* with the heels upwards. *Organ within.*

Ang. Gentlemen, She's tuning. Pray make a quick retreat.
To see and not be seen, hear not be heard. ----
Now ; after her more sweet melodious strains,
Her custom is, to walk a while abroad,
Not far from hence ; take th' opportunity.
But should she know I had a hand in this
Your interview, I were undone.

Val. Fear not.

*Exeunt Valerian
& Tiburtius.*

Ang. *Palinodio* let's be gone.

Pal. Begone, not I.

My Lady shall know all, or let me have half,
Was given thee.

Ang. Nay then my Lady shall know
What you did Sir, the last night

Pal. What ?

Ang. Kissed me.

Y'h'd been better to have kiss'd elsewhere.
Nay, what you would have done besides, you know ;
And she shall know.

Pal. What then ?

Ang. What then ?

You know full well how she abhors such doings.

Pal. And

The Converted Twins.

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Pal. And know your predecessor, was transplanted
For like offence.

Pal. And why I pray transplanted?

Ang. Yes so I say, for a Gentleman Usher,
May well be liken'd to a double Gilliflower,
Which while it so continues, is esteem'd;
And so is he, with two good suits of clothes:
But let him wear out one, and be but single,
In a thread-bare suit, he's soon transplanted,
As single Gilliflowers, are wont to be:
His Lady then cries up, and out with him.

Pal. This is a parlous wench, how she threatens me?

Ang. *Mum* then.

Pal. I, *Mum*.

Ang. See then you tell no-body.

Pal. Not I.

Ang. 'Tis well you sing a *Palinodie*.

Come Sir, know your duty, and attend upon me.

Exeunt.

*Enter Valerian & Tiburtius listening to St. Cecilie, that sings
to the Organ within, then comes forth, and
singing Valerian and Tiburtius starts.*

Cec. Bless me! where was my Porter? where my servants?
Who has betrayed me to the sight of men?

Val. Of Men, Lady? whom would you see but Man?

The Master-piece of th' Earth, who joys to see

His like in her who is a second self?

What creature to be parallell'd with man,

Can you behold? why then should palid fear

Undie those rosie cheeks, and coral lips?

You need not fear.

Cec. Yes, like the trembling tree,
Whose every leaf, shakes at th' approach of man.

Tib. We'll not offend.

Cec. But chastity is such,
It cannot be too wary; fear too much.

Val. Nay Lady, leave us not so abruptly.
I would, but dare not say, at first, I love.

Bec. Not love? you told me you were men; not love?

Why 'tis the noblest passion of the soul;

Spring from the Will, which cannot love, but good.

*She offers to go out, but
courteously returns.*

Much

Much more the greatest good, whose only Beauty,
Is so attractive, that when 'tis but known,
It cannot be, but lov'd : Ah Noble Sir,
Dare you not love ?

Val. Not you Lady, I mean,
I durst not say I lov'd : but know I do.

Cec. Ah ! There's small difference 'twixt wo and woe.

Exit.

Val. Tiburtius, here's a spark, what's thy opinion
Of this Lady ?

Tib. That she's like other females,
Who know themselves, to be the weaker vessels ;
Like melting wax that's apt for all impressions
At first encounter ; therefore by retreat ,
(Fearing they should be almost gain'd, ere courted,
(Which they affect :) they suddenly with-draw ;
The better to attract : for after that, we fly,
Which flies from us ; neglect, what is achiev'd :
And what is fair, must hardly be obtain'd,
By frequent suits ; which they affect , as a
Supream honour, and homage due, to their
Self-seeming ; pretious, and admir'd beauties.

Val. This is not all I fear, for I observ'd,
Both in her Sonnet, and her Maids discourse,
A kind of Superstition, mixt with a
Contempt, of all our gods. If that imposture
Of Christianisme , has infected her,
I fear twill be a Bar to my designs.

Tib. Tush ! Take no notice what she young of years,
Has yet but suckt, not turn'd to nutriment. -----
Love soon extirpates what's but newly set.
And taking deeper root, predominates,
O're all the powers of man ; and that we call
Religion ; but a trifle ; and subordinate ,
To Love's transcendent passion of the Soul.
Our gods themselves, vanquish'd by powerful Love,
Have laid aside their Deities to court
A Beauty. Shall not then Religion,
Which but relates, unto those heavenly powers,
Subscribe unto the Sovereignty of Love.

Val. Heavens grant it may, but soft, whose coming here ?

Enter

The Converted Twins.

9

Enter Marcus and Flavia.

Mar. Come *Flavia*, my dear sweet wife ; where's our daughter,
Cecilie ; the foolish Girl is so pensive
And solitary : Shees never well ; but when
She's in her Chamber. This dull Melancholy, caus'd
By her too much delight in Musick, has brought her
To that paffe for want of exercise (poor elfe!)
She's fall'n I fear into that lazie, sad,
And languishing disease call'd ----

Fla. The Green Sicknesse.

'Tis true my dear *Marcus*, and as you were,
My phyfician in like case, so muft some-body ----

Mar. My Lord *Valerian* ! I have no skill in Augury,
But like the *Omen*, that when my wife faid
Some-body, mine-eye was instantly on you ;
From thence, it glanced on my Lord *Tiburtius*.
I lay my life, you come, to fome fuch end.
I read methinks, fuch fpeaking Characters,
In face and features, eye, and front, as plain,
And legible, as wrinkles in my *Flavia's* ----
Forehead, was about to fay, nay be not angry.

Fla. Well, well, had I not been the honefter
I know where, and what had been as legible.

Mar. Nay, I fear'd thou wou'd'ft be angry, but no matter.
Ladies muft nere be old : their husbands may.
Lords y'are wellcome ; but chiefly my *Valerian*.
That (some-body) was fuch a boding word.

Val. My Lord you honour me fo much, that I
Seem courted by a happinefs, to which
My more ambitious thoughts, could hardly yet
Aspire.

Mar. My *Flavia*, what fayft thou to the match ?

Fla. I like it not : I tell you husband, I
Difflike it utterly.

Mar. How ?

Fla. That parents fhould
Make matches for their children.

Mar. I, now thou fpeak'ft.

Fla. No, bring them face to face, and let them pauley.
Ah ! 'Tis the pretieft thing to hear them chat

So far from the matter : for love-sick wantons,
Are as impertinent, as they, who lie,
Perplex'd in burning feavers ---- Love's a phrensie,
As I remember forty years ago.

Mar. Twenty wife, th' art not so old.

Flav. When one distracted was demanded whether
He were a married man : No, no, (said he)
I am not yet so mad.

Mar. Ha ! ha ! my Lord :
My Wife has brought you now within the compasse
Of -----

Fla. Madmen ! 'Tis even so by *Juno*.
And after this a longing comes in breeders,
And what is this but a phantastick madnesse ?
Ha ! ha ! Wait not a pretty longing think you :
(*Fulvius Torquatus* being Consul) when
The Knights of *Mauritania*, brought to *Rome*
A savage man, who *Polyphemus*-like,
Had but one eye : *Torquatus* Lady, then
Being with Child, and hearing of this Monster,
Long'd ; infinitely desir'd to see him,
As he past by her door ; but none it seems
Would bring him in : and out she would not go
In th' absence of her husband. What pity !
She lost her longing, next her life. But then
You know my Lord what did ensue. The Senate
The Grave Senate decreed that Roman Ladies
Should not fail, but every one should have
Her longing.

Mar. Some come short of that *Flavia*.

Fla. The more's the pity.

Mar. Else they would not live
Sequestred as they do.

Fla. Are you sowaggish still ?

But you (my Lord) you have a longing too. ---- *To Val.*
Not to see a one-eyed man, *Monoculus*,
But a fair Lady, though I say't that should not.

Val. That indeed Madam, is my more humble suit.
And infinite desire.

Mar. That *Cis* may have her longing, ha ! ha !

Fla. Why *Cecillie* where are you ? *Palinodio* ?
No body there to wait ? *Angustula*,

Enter

The Converted Twins.

11

Enter Angustula.

You too so narrow ear'd, you cannot hear?

Ang. Madam your pleasure.

Fla. That your Lady Mistress
Come hither in a trice, instantly approach.

Ang. Approach Madam, she's in her Oratory.

Fla. I, she flows in her Oratory; but
Let her leave that Eloquence, and tell me,
In plain terms expound what means

Our Terence: *Accede ad hanc ignem,*

— *ut Calefias magis.*

Ang. That Madam,

I can enucleat: Come to this female fire

That thou mayst be enflamed: Lord *Tiburtius*

I was about to say.

Enter Cecily.

Mar. But see (my Daughter,)

For that intent —

Ha. Must come to you, my Lord

Valerian.

Val. I long to have that happiness.

Mar. Is she not yet come? Oh! she's here.

Aug. Come Madam since there is no remedy,
Set a good face on't; that I am sure you have;

VVhy do you veil it then? you are not *Nupta*,

Till then like other Ladies make the best

Of what you have: Beauty and Truth are two

That seek no Covert: Needs will come to light.

Cec. Madam what is your Ladyships pleasure?

Fla. A thing of nothing, only spell *Roma* backward.

Cec. 'Tis *Amor* Madam.

Flav. True; 'tis Love my Girl.

Be as well vers'd 'ith Deed, as in the Word,

And by thy Love, this Lord shall be enrich'd.

But what is *Amor* passive?

Cec. I am lov'd.

Val. Here, by your servant, Lady.

Tib. I might have sayd

As much: but younger brothers must be curb'd.

C. 2

Mar. So,

Mar. So, to her, to her, my Lord. She shall be yours
Come Sweet-heart, we'll sit and see personated,
The lovely Courtships, of our younger years.

Val. Ladies, your Parents have left you to your choice.

Cec. Then, I choose heaven.

Val. Myne, is your self on earth.

Or were I 'bove the spangled Arch with you,
I'de rival *Jove* himself in point of Love.

Cec. In point of Love!

Beauty and goodness——

Val. VVhich I adm're in you.

Cec. Are the sole Objects of a chaster Love.
Goodness is courted by the Appetite,
As beauty should be by the understanding:
On which two senses properly attend,
To hear, and see.

Val. Witness these happy ears,
Charm'd by your Musick; and these happier eyes,
Which gaze on th'object of their wished bliss.

Cec. But fair and good affect a Monarchy,
Establish'd by the will, sole Sovereign,
To sway within, the Microcosme of Man,
To which the faculties, of soul, and body,
As motions, habits, actions, passions, are
Subordinate: yea, and concupiscence
(Though a rebellious Vassal to the will,)
May be subjected.—— Now if fair and good,
Be that you seek, it totally consists,
In unity of essence; whence deriv'd

Are all the Fairs, and goodness you behold,
Which scatter'd here, and there, in several Creatures,
Are but dependants on the sovereign good.——
To reach to this; within the highest Region
Of the Soul, a love divine residing,
Dost offer sacrifice of awfull Prayer,
And Holocaustes to the Divinity.

Fla. Tittle tattle! what's all this to th' purpose?
Venus is fair, and *Jupiter* is good.

Mar. My Lord, a proper man well qualified.

Flav. I, Daughter, and all our hope of Offspring
Must be in thee and good *Lucina's* aid.

Mar. And, my Lord *Valerian's* help here! what a la mort.

Val.

The Converted Twins.

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Val. I am by th' stream dismiss'd to seek the source,
Cast off to search, a fairer then her self.

Ah! if such goodness, as resides in her,
Dos but participate of that supreme,
And onely good, to that I must aspire

Tib. had I but such a spark from the immense
She speaks of, my ambition ne're would seek,
A greater fire t'enflame.

Val. No more would I.

Cec. Nor you, nor you; what earthly souls you bear
Within your breasts! confin'd to carnal lust:
Heaven is my choice, while here you court but dust.

Exit.

Mar. Hi'da! here's a wooing with a witness!
My Lord, the foolish Girle, is not yet capable,
Of th' happiness which is atchiev'd by Love:
This was your fault that never would infuse,
Those sweeter drops, distill'd from *Venus* rose.

Fla. VVhy Sir, who would have thought one of her years,
Being now sixteen and upward, could be so backward;
In learning that of Love, which in their Nonage

Enter Augusta.

Of teens others attain unto? why *Angustula*.

VVhere's your Lady?

Ang. Gone to her Closet, Madam.
So very sad and pensive that it grieves me ----

That she may have her choice of two, and I of neither.

Aside.

Mar. My Lord y're welcom, this may now suffice
At the first push of Pike: let her retreat,
She shall come on again.

Fla. I, and at next encounter.
Daign smile for smile, and with a lovely glance
As boldly in the shock of Love advance.

Val. So shall you ever oblige your servant.

Tib. And mee.

Mar. Had I another Daughter, she should be yours.

Exeunt

Tib. Unhappy wooer that has but verbal Cures.

Val. &

Mar. *Angustula*! come thou diminutive wagg.

Tib.

Ang. Sir.

Mar. Call *Palinodios*.

Ang. My Lord, he's here.

B 3

Pal.

Pal. T'expect your Lordships pleasure.

Mar. Sweet heart! I have it; *heerdea*, 'tis mine own.
The plot's layd.

Fla. If a Project 'twill never thrive
As we daily see in our projectors.

Mar. This Gentleman-Usher shall act *Valerian*,
And this witty well vers'd wanton, her mayd
Shall personate our daughter to make an
Introduction or Preamble to the grand Volume
Of Love, and teach her the rule of *For the due joyning*.

Pal. VWho an't please you shall begin, for I am
Somewhat bashfull.

Mar. The woman must alwayes
Have the last word: thou then shalt have the first.
But first call my daughter.

Enter Cecillie.

Come Daughter, sit by me, and be attentive.

Pal. Fair *Cecillie*, from whence should I derive
Your Name *Cecillie*, but from that richer *Sicillie*,
An Island famous; *Ceres* darling, *Italies*
Delight, Relief, and Granary: whose every
Luxurious Crop prevents from hungry Death,
A thousand famishing for want of Grain.
Ah! then will you so fair and rich a Soyl,
So fertiliz'd with a more beauteous Crop,
Permit your servant, languish in your love?

Mar. Hearken to this Daughter.

Ang. Ah good my Lord shall I be th' Island *Sicillie*
Environ'd with the sea, not married with
The neighbouring shoar? you teach me then a part
To live, a Virgin, which is my desire.-----
As my Lady I spake it.

Pal. But how will you, be fruitfull then, sweet Lady?

Flav. Well said, now thou com'st to drive it home.

Pal. How like that fertile Isle? or how shall I
But reap one crop of favours to enrich
Beyond desert, your servant, who professes-----
He's at a non-plus----- ah! fair would you daign
To sow within my heart one hopefull grain.

Ang. Of Mustard-seed my Lord?

Pal. Which

The Converted Twins.

By

Pal. Which mounting high,
We both reciprocal, shall multiply.

Mar. I, keep her to that my Lord *Valerian*.

Ang. Now ile be more serious, for my Lady else will be angry.

A Virgins thoughts that spring from a chaste soul,

Are such a crop as fertile *Sicily*

Cannot produce: whose every blade's a sword,

To slife in two a thousand amorous darts,

With which blind *Cupid* wounds but the impure.

Each knob, upon the stalk, a stop to vice,

Each ear of corn that riseth from her heart,

More highly priz'd than all your belly grain,

Fla. I, now she comes near the matter in hand.

Ang. Each petty husk, a closet in her breast,

Presents a Viand on a Plate of gold,

To him whose love she vows to live and dy.

Pal. But then where's the increase? to multiply

Fair Lady is what Nature has ordain'd.

Ang. The Chrystal cup's more pure that's never stain'd.

Pal. How should we live, if ne're were till'd the Earth?

Ang. She was a Virgin first, and by chaste birth,

First fruits were grown e're sown; such shall be mine.

Pal. Tush these are words, Lady you must be mine.

I vow you must, else I shall pine and die.

Ang. Yes, so most Lovers fain, and swear, and lie.

Pal. Yet, I am content to live and love withal;

You have an Organ and a Virginal.

Ang. On which I'll play for solace of my mind.

Pal. Oh that I (happy) might like favour find.

Mar. Now daughter, how like you this? she frowns.

Come wife leave her to ruminate a while.

Fla. *Angusta* attend on me.

Mar. *Palinodio*.

Pal. Here my Lord.

Mar. Come away.

Pal. Nor Lord, nor now *Valerian*, I must say,

Exeunt.

Madam, I was not serious; did but play.—

manet Cecillie.

Cec. Thus am I taught to be a Pagan's love;

A Child to Parents who adore the Gods.

O *Rome*! thy Gods obscene, would have me such.

Not live as I have vow'd to him above,

Who has assign'd a Guardian to protect me.

Maugre

Maugre the malice of th' infernal fiend,
And all his fordid Vassals, still shall spring,
My pure white Lilly, to my Sovereign King. *Exit.*

Act. II. Scene I.

Enter Palinodio with money and viands in a basket.

Pal. **N**OW my good genius direct me, and my better Lady *Cecile* defend me, who sends me this night, to seek in *Via Appia*, for a certain Cave or Grot, where lies hidden a holy man call'd *Urban*, and many Christians with him, in this heavy persecution. Now there are so many spies that lie in wait; that I have a fearful apprehension, I shall be apprehended; and carried before that cruel Judge *Tarcinius Almachius*. To prevent the worst, I could find in my heart, to feed here of the best, and keep this purse of money, for my private expences. O! but here's one within, call'd Conscience, that tells me then, I am a wicked villain. Ha! let me see what hill have I before me. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, 'tis the Temple dedicated *Deo Ridiculo*, to the God of Laughter. Ha, ha, ha, I cannot but laugh at the conceit. Even here lay *Hannibal* and besieg'd the City, after he had slain forty thousand brave Romans in the battel at *Canna*. Here I say he lay till on the sudden; there was such laughing, and gigling round about his Army, that laugh'd quite out of countenance, the couragious *Hannibal*, rais'd his siege, remov'd into *Campania*. Ha, ha, ha, this way is so

full of briars and bushes! somebody may lie sculking here. † Oh! I yield, I yield, I yield. The Officer has got my Cloak.

Oh! how my heart goes a pit a pat, nine mile an hour: If he would now be scar'd away like *Hannibal*, I would make a shift to strain a laugh. Ha, ha, ha, now I see the thief, a bramble bush, laid hold of my Cloak. Ha, ha, ha, how I should be laugh'd at now, if this were known? but now, now, now, I hear some body at my heels. Oh! sure I look pale enough now to be taken for a Ghost. Ah! what am I now like, if not like a puny Serjeant, when he first handles his Mace, and cries I arrest you; while he himself is fleeting and fluttering backward, most shamefully discovering the defect in his retentive power. Or I am like a Cut-purse (a young Practitioner) that seeing a purse hanging by a woman's side (as he fears
he

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he may on the Gallows :) thus with a trembling palfie stands in a
quandary. *Stands trembling.*

Pha. Who goes there ?

Pal. No body for I stand.

Pha. Who stands there ?

Pal. No body, for I kneel.

Pha. Who kneels there ?

Pal. No body, for I crawl.

Pha. Then who crawles there ?

Pal. No body, for I thus — *Lies on his back with his bee's upwards,*

Pha. Oh ! now I see 'tis but some old forked stub of *stradling.*
a tree, and here's the twist, which puts me in mind of
that robustious *Milo*, who coming thus to the twin-like body of a tree,
by main force rent them in two, when *Pha. stretches out his legs,*
suddenly he falling in, they thus clap *and claps them hard together -*
and clos'd together.

Pal. O ! O !

Pha. So *Milo* was slain,

Pal. O my heels, my heels, O !

Pha. Whom have we here *Palinodio* topsie turvy ?

Not yet deliver'd the present to the reverent Bishop

Urban : My Lady fearing as much, sent me after you.

Pal. Would you had gone before, for me.

Pha. So I will : Come here's the Grotte.

Thrice with a gentle stamp but give the sign,

And to this darksome Cave shall way be made.

They stamp.

Urban ascends.

Urb. Who's there ? if friends y'are welcome : so must be

Our enemies, who by heavens permission,

Are but the Instruments to cut, and hew,

And square us in this Quarry ; we may lie

Fit for the Structure of Heavens Edifice.

Pha. May it please your reverence, my Lady *Cecilie*

Presents you w th these viands, and a purse

Of an hundred Ducats for your self and yours.

Hopes to be constant in her Faith and Vow,

If you to heaven for her vouchsafe to pray ;

Which humbly she desires.

Urb. We are oblig'd

To do no lesse. Her charitable hand

May never see corruption : nor that pure

And sanctified vessel, where a treasure,

D

[Hec

[Her soul] is habitant midst chaste desires.

Farewel, heaven grant you may as safe return.

Descends.

Phan. Come *Palinodio* now you'll lead the way.

Pal. I, I fear nothing, now I have a companion.

Enter Maximus and Officers.

Max. Look round, beset the wayes, there, there they go. *Phantasio*

Pal. Oh let me come behind that I may not see him. *slips away.*

1. *Off.* I see but one.

Max. Lay hold, and apprehend him.

Palin. feigns

2. *Off.* I have him, but cannot hold him up.

himself sick.

1. *Off.* Alas! he's in a swoon, fetch him again, he's gone.

2. *Off.* That I will, were he gone farther than he is. *Box in the*

Pal. Ayme! what are you my Masters?

ear.

1. *Off.* Villain what art thou? Art a Christian?

Pal. No Villain, Christian I.

2. *Off.* What art then?

What's thy Name?

Pal. *Palinodio*, to cant and recant,

Say and vsay. I am (as many are now adayes)

A *Nullifidian*; have a conscience of *Chiverel*,

And am content to say any thing for a quiet life.

Max. Betray thy fellow Christians, or so.

Pal. Or so, or so, ha, ha, ha, ha; yet I cannot but laugh

To think, how *Hannibal*, here in *Via Appia*, was laugh'd

Out of countenance. Ha, ha, ha, methinks I should as well

Outlaugh these Officers, out of their little wits, for countenance

They have none to be laugh'd out of; ha, ha, ha.

2. *Off.* The fellow's mad.

Palin. Now I sacrifice to the God of Laughter.

Exeunt.

Scene 2.

Enter Almachius with Attendants.

Alm. Live we not still in *Rome*? Or is not *Rome*

The eye of Justice, splendor of the World?

Shall then blind Superstition intrude?

T' obscure the lustre of our Deities?

Shall that base abject scum, and dregs of th' earth

Float on the surface of our Chrystal stream?

Christians.

The Converted Twins.

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Christians I mean, who first in *Nero's* time
Were by the flames which burnt our palaces
Discover'd, and convinc'd to be
The *Flambeaux*, and th' Incendiaries ;
Because they could not vindicate themselves
Against our powerful Gods, for which their horrid
And enormous crime, their *Corymbus*
Was on a Gibbet topsie turvy hung,
While his companion (cause in a City born
That was enfranchiz'd) had Roman-like th' honour
To have his head struck from his shoulders. These,
These were the traiterous pair who hither came
To sow the Cockle of Sedition ; which
As yet could nere be rooted out ; O *Romans* !
Are you not *Romans* still ? have you not conquer'd
The vaster Regions of th' Universe ?
Yet suffer *Pituites*, *Pedants*, *Boyes* and *Girls*,
T' apostatize, scorn, and despise our Gods ?
Have you not Tortures ? Manacles, and Racks ?
Have you not Fire and Sword, and Ravenous Beasts
To tear the Intrails of this cursed brood ?
Slice off these *Hydra's* still increasing heads,
And singe with flames of fire, like *Hercules* ?
Our Emperour commands, shew your *Devoir*.
Our Gods command, shew then your *Roman* Zeal.
Their *Flamins*, Sacred Priests, cry shame of you,
That suffer such abortive Impes to scorn
Their Altars. *Jove* himself though patient long,
Begins to take his Thunderbolts in hand
To be reveng'd on you ; which to prevent
Be vigilant : suppress this creeping *Cancer*. Be
But *Romans*, and you are what you should be.

Enter Maximus, Saphricius, and Palinodio.

Maximus ? Welcome. Thy Name superlative
Speaks what thou art. Say then, hast thou disrouted
Those lurking Squadrons ? forc'd them from their Cavernes,
Where in the night, conscious of fouler crimes,
They with their superstitious rites, and fopperies
Exasperate our Gods 'gainst us, who suffer
Such sacrilegious persons ; (rather vipers)

D 2

T'escape

T'escape unpunish'd: Vipers, which in their Birth,
(Pernicious) bring destruction to their Dams. ----
So they to the Republick. Speak *Maximus*,
And if thy service shall deserve reward,
The Gods, and we next to the Emperour,
Shall guerdon thine endeavours.

Max. My Lord, I with my souldiers (ere the morn.
Had banisht fable night) as private as we could,
Went to surprize such irreligious persons
As are offensive to the state: yet 'twas
Our fortune but to light on two. A pair
Unparallell'd: one for a sturdy Knave,
Th' other a fool, or if a rational man;
'Twas then a guilty Conscience, with sad fear,
Which did transport his brains beyond himself.

Alm. Sirrah! why Sirrah! Speak't not when I
But Sirrah thee? was not this blast enough
To make thee utter with a faltering tongue,
A more submissive and obsequious plea,
To beg a pardon for thy foul delict.

Sap. The toad is swelling, and begins to belch
The gall and venome of his poyson'd breast.

Alm. Sirrah! I have a Rack.

Sap. And I have limbs.

Alm. I have a Torture.

Sap. I patience to endure.

Alm. But I have scorching flames.

Sap. Then let them burn.

Alm. Thou shalt by morsels die: but piece by piece.

Sap. All's one to me: at last I can but die.

Alm. Yes, die a thousand times and live again,
Or, if thou wilt, do but adore the Gods:
But sacrifice to them, and thou art quit.

Sap. Or die, or quit: A play at fist and loose,
I scorn to live by adoring of thy Gods,
Fear not to die, but dare in spite of them,
Yield this to fire or sword, or beast, or flame,
To raise a Trophy to th' Immortal Power.

Max. I told you my Lord, he was a sturdy Knave.

Alm. A *Bragadocio* this, a *Famsarone*.
Swells like a bubble, will the sooner break.
Take him aside, Nor Sirrah what are you?

Palin. He's

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Palin. He's a wiseman (my Lord) that knows what he is.

Alm. Sirrah are you a seryant of *Jupiters*?

Pal. *Jupiter* would never entertain me
Into his service, yet my ambition was
To have been a follower of his. Ha, ha, ha,
But his Queen *Juno* said I had not wit
And craft enough to be a Courtier, ha, ha, ha.
But *Venus* she's a beautiful Lady:

I have plaid at span-counter with her boy
Cupid. But he was blind, and so I burst
His Bow and Arrows; since when I never was in love.

Alm. Sirrah, will you sacrifice to the Gods?

Pal. And Goddesses too, tagg and ragg, to *Smug*,
Vulcan the Blacksmith, and *Priapus* too,
With his fie for shame, to scare away the birds
That come to eat the Cherries and Mulberries, ha, ha, ha.

Alm. *Maximus*, what sot have you brought me hither?

Max. My Lord he's servant to a Roman Lady.
And cause a fool he's fitter to be examin'd.

Alm. In matter of nonsense. Let him be well whipt,
Or else discover what he is, and where
His Lady dwells.

Pal. Ha, ha, ha, my Lady?
She's fairer than your Goddess *Venus*, ile stand to't.

Max. At a Pillar thou shalt stand and be well whipt.

Pal. Well then, every thing that's well, is not amiss.
Farewel my Lord, I will not say I kiss
Your Lordships hands: for then (if with the lip)
There were more rime, than reason in the whip.
Ha, ha, ha.

Alm. Sirrah I'll have you whipt
Out of this laughing humour.

Pal. *Bacchus* your God
To this invites. Let me drink wine, and quaffe pure;
And sacrifice unto the God of Laugh--ture, ha, ha.

Alm. Away with them: Justice seems in disgrace,
Until she come to have her time and place.

Exeunt.

Scene 3.

Scene 3.

Enter Valerian and Augusta.

Ang. My Lord *Valerian* y' are welcome, as I may say.
And what I say I doubt not to make good. ----

I have in your behalf solicited

So far my Lady; so urgently, that now

In our discourse the onely subject, Love,

Is entertain'd: Books, Prayers, are laid aside.

But now and then she vents a sigh (good Lady!)

So careful of my good. And why (says she)

May'st thou not have like fortune? There's *Tiburtius*

My Lord *Valerian*'s brother, methinks he might

Affect thee; as deserving as my self,

Thy features are as good, thy favour such,

As pleasing every lineament: thy Beauty

Exceeding mine, at which (my Lord) I blaspht,

When parallell'd with such a Paragon.

And with deep sighs could hardly evaporate

That then intrusive love, which (I unworthy)

Fain would, but durst not entertain. Yet then

As I reflected on our *Latin frater*,

(As much to say, as *fere alter*: almost

The same, or else another such) I thought

If one to th' other be so near in blood,

And constitution, yea and sympathy,

Propense to love the same (as I am sure)

Tiburtius do's my Lady) since they cannot

Both share in one; may not my Lord *Tiburtius*

Reflect his eye on me, so near and dear

Unto her Ladiship? but then again

I check'd my too presumptuous thoughts, and vow'd,

Howsoever I were neglected in this kind,

My service should not be extenuated

In all good offices towards your Lordship

That may deserve your favour, though not his love.

Val. Thou'st said enough; and 'cause he riva's me,

Thus to divert the torrent of his love: ----

Ang. I think 'twere policy (my Lord) to turn

The Current this way.

Val. Right,

Val. Right, I like it well.
Nor wants thy Love a base to build upon.
For 'tis not long since thus I heard him speak,
That in his eye thou wert not contemptible.

Ang. No more but So :

Val. And though thou wert not a
Lady he could make thee one.

Ang. That's somewhat indeed.
But what more my good Lord I beseech you ?

Val. Nay there he fixt a period to his speech.

Ang. And ended with Lady. Noble *Tiburtius* ?
Made a full point at Lady ; as if he had
Then pointed at *Angusta* to make *Angusta*.
Why should not we fair ones stand on our points ?
That Beauty may be Zenith point above :
And *Nadir* (portion) to be trampled on)
The point beneath. But you my Lord have all ;
Beauty and wealth, and vertue to be priz'd,
In her who now cannot be seen.

Val. Not seen ?

Ang. No more than *Cynthia* with her silver Crest
Which (modest) sometimes veyls her beauteous face.
Yet were my Lord *Tiburtius* here.

Enter Tiburtius.

Val. See, here he comes,

Ang. But not with such a sparkling eye
Nor half so quick as yours my Lord, ay me !

Tib. Now Fair *Angusta* sigh and I so sigh ?
Thou may'st be Lady yet before thou dy'st.

Ang. Lady ! as he ended so he begins.
Indeed my Lord, 'tis more to make one such.

Tib. As thou art ?

Ang. No my Lord, rather as I
Would be.

Tib. She's in good earnest.

Ang. Earnest my Lord ?
Yes, and you may give me earnest, that your love
Shall make me such. You'll love my Lady too ;
You will ? O the ambition of a younger
Brother ! And you my Lord, you can dissemble,

Tell

Tell me your brother said that he could make
Me a Lady?

Val. But that he would, I did not say.

Ang. There's yours, you may be gone, here lies my way. *Exit.*

Val. So here's a flirt: such as are now adayes,
That must be fed with Gold: and not content
With that, must have a husband too, with a
Mischief. Ah! that a Lady's love should be
Thus pandar'd by a Gypsie, 'tis too true
What her fair Lady spake 'twixt wo and woe
There's but small difference.

Tib. My Lord let's go.

Val. And leave this trifling suit, 'turns woo, to wo. *Exit.*

*Enter Augusta and calls Tiburtius
behinde as he goes out.*

Ang. My Lord, a word.

Tib. What say'st?

Ang. Could you think me
So immodest as to Court you thus?

Tib. Not I.

Ang. No! 'twas your brothers plot, his policy,
That like a Loadstone by attractive power,
I might draw back your love from my good Lady,
(Who's in affection yours) that only he
Might have free passage to enjoy her love.
Should I be thus magnetique, I were base.
I am wholly yours: My service wholly bent,
That you may gain this pretious Gemme, not he.

Tib. Art serious?

Ang. Else were most unworthy.

Tib. Take this. *Gives her Money.*

A Trifle for the present, shalt have more.

Ang. Your Brother may suspect.

Tib. I, I'll away. *Exit.*

Ang. Adieu most worthy Lord. Ha! ha! thus Love
Is often now adayes dear bought and sold. —
If not himself, at least I have his gold. *Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Nicephorus Solus.

Nic. MY troubled thoughts perplex, while Conscience here
 Upbraids me with dissimulation,
 To my dear friend *Saphricius*; whom I long,
 With pity have observ'd, to entertain
 Too much of complacence; or which is worse,
 Vain glory to adde a lustre to his actions,
 Which dos diminish, not augment their worth.
 For though Heaven daigns to promise due reward,
 Yet he, reserves the honour to himself;
 Which, while my friend usurps, and I connive,
 Yea, not so much, as intimate a crime,
 I am no faithfull friend; which I have sworn
 To be till death.— ah! dissimulation!
 Thou shouldst not be a Vice, since nor a King,
 Can reign without thee, nor a bosom friend,
 Preserve intire that sacred Amity,
 Which I unhappily (I fear) may violate——
 No, my *Saphricius*, is so nobly good,
 He'll rather render thanks, than deem me harsh,
 Chide, cause I've been too backward in advice.----
 A friend in Counsel, must not be too nice.
 See here he comes.

Sap. My dear *Nicephorus*, y'are happily encounter'd.

Nic. My best and only friend *Saphricius*!
 Methinks our daily interviews and kinde
 Embraces do ensoul each others brest.

Sap. Absent from you
 Methought my heart had but the moiety
 Of life: was but a Cipher, till the digit
 (Your heart conjoyn'd) summes up my happiness.——
 That *Stoick* was mistaken who avouch'd
 A hearty, true, faithfull, and loyal friend
 Long sought, is seldom found, and hardly kept;
 Whereas our friendship has from younger years,
 Been ever pregnant, like a forward Spring,
 As lasting as the Plant *Live-ever*: My Dearest
Nisus.

E

Nic. My

Nic. My *Euryalus*!

Sap. My faithfull *Achates*.

Nic. My self.

Sap. Selfy the same, I live in thee,

But should we die (for now *Almachius* vows
The death of Christians) may our twin-like souls
Be joyntly breath'd to mount to equal bliss.

Nic. A happy period to our friendship, when
Chang'd, 'tis still a more transcendent Love.

Sap. True, but tell me my *Nicephorus*.

Did I not yesterday confute the Pagan
With whom I disputed; kill'd him dead with
A Syllogisme: Lodg'd him in *Beccardo*
And then you heard, how the miscreant (enrag'd)
Threaten'd to complain to *Almachius*:
Menac'd tortures, and death. At this (tell me)
Did I so much as sympathize with terrour?
Nay did you not observe a chearfull look,
Like that of morn that ushers a fair day?

Was it not so *Nicephorus*?

Nic. Most true it was,

But. ———

Sap. But? why Sir bring you the But

And then I'll fix the white r'th midst; as much of
Candour as a friend can bring. But? and then silent?
O! your too cautious (friend) pray use a freedom
And that impartially.

Nic. Nay, I but gently whisper
(My dear *Saphricius*) what I have observ'd.

Sap. As freely vent it forth, as sharply too,
As when rough *Boreas* blusters in the Ayre.

Nic. Why then --- but you'll be angry, will you not?
Should I but tell you.

Sap. What is't I dare not hear?

What Obloquy can blast mine innocence?

Nic. Nay, 'tis but a *Peccadillo*,
Not so much as a defect, or omission; rather
A supererrogation which I many times have noted
VVhen the fact spake of it self, to blazon it the more
(Like to a curious Limner) you heighten'd it;
Extoll'd and magnifi'd the work, yet in
An humble seeming way; which some too rash

VWould judge to be vain-glory.

Sap. So, so, you mince it.

Nic. Nay good *Saphricius* wrinkle not your brow;
I may mistake.

Sap. Then I will tell you Sir ;
'Twas a reflexive lustre from my actions
VWhose brighter coruscation was too fierce
For such weak eyes to gaze on.

Nic. Pray be not angry.

Sap. No, must let your pride
And sawcy Arrogance curb what is generous.

Nic. Nay dear *Saphricius*, be not so incens'd.

Sap. Hence Sycophant.

Nic. Steep not your tongue in gall.

Sap. Drench it absynth, I--spurn at my Actions ?

Nic. But like the loving Mare which oft we see
Spares not to kick her young and tender foal,
Yet hurts it not. I was as wary not to give offence.

Sap. Away, thy friendship is a meer Imposture,
Now Experience tells a friend is hardly found.

Nic. More hardly kept, since you are fleeing thus
But for a word.

Sap. A word ? a tempest rather, such a blast
As has for ever shatter'd that goodly Vessel
Your friend-ship, Sir ; a Ship wherein I sayl'd
Secure these twenty years : but now I finde
The Pilot treacherous, and his Sea-starre
But proper interest : then let it split ;
For ever suffer wreck : And this bent brow
Contract eternal frowns. *Exit.*

Nic. Ah ! was it not

A fault in me, that did not heretofore
In th'Infancy of friendship make that known
VWhich now habitual is a second Nature.
But then I fear'd to lose him in the Nonage
Of Amity : more solid now I thought
It could not but subsist immoveable
Yet, I hope I shall recover him, if not,
With that stern *Stoick* I will not contend
That said, 'tis hard to find and keep a Friend. *Exit.*

ACT III. Scene I.

Enter Phantasio and Metricio, with Songs.

Phan. **M***etricio, Come to the Barre.*

Met. Call at the Barre

Thou wouldst say for a quart of richer Wine.

Pha. No, come to the Barre, I say, I must arraign thee.

For Theft and Burglary. Theft in a high degree,

Cause in thy Poems. thou hast enrich'd thy Verse

With others labours. Burglary, because

Th' hast violently broken, into the Magazines

Of Apollo, ransack't, and rob'd, and tane away,

Inuito Domino, hos ego versuculos.

Met. Why good my Lord *Phantasio*, say 'twere so,

Nil dictum quod non dictum prins.

Pha. Nay there

Y' are in an errour too: th' Orator says

Dixi, the Poet *Cecini*, th' one says

At th' end of his Oration, *I have said*;

Th' other *I have sung*, at th' end of his Poem;

I will not therefore ask what thou canst say

For thy self (Poet) but, what canst thou sing?

Met. Then what I speak (my Lord) must be in rhyme,

Phan. Nor speak, but sing, I say, and i'le keep time.

Song.

Met. Then fraught with Crotchets and with Quavers,

'Tis for you we are such shavers.

If by theft we break the Law,

'Tis for your Sol, Fa, Mi, La;

That you may have, for your Notes,

Songs, to fill your warbling Throats.

What were else all that you sing,

But a Sol, Fa, sense-less thing?

What Chromatiques, what were Brawles?

What your Ditones, Intervals?

And if all your Songs were gone,

What were Diatessaron?

Diatonicks

*Diatonicks would not please.
 What were all your Synopes?
 What your Mesons, Hypatons?
 Or your Hyperboleons?
 What your Nothi (bastards) ha!
 You leget in Fa, Sol, Fa?
 Moods not apt for Diapente,
 Yet Fa mi sometimes has twenty.*

Phan. Here Poet, here's for thy pains. — Nothing. ha! ha!

Ut re mi nil donas but *Fa*, there is wit,

And I am thy *Sole* Friend, *La* then we be quit.

But come hither in good earnest, *Metricio*.

The last Sonnet here, which I have set to'th Organ

Pleases me well, but will not so my Lord *Marcus*.

'Tis too serious.

Met. Such only my Lady desires

Otherwise thou know'st my humour is

For light Ayres, and pleasant *Madrigales*.

But she'll have none but grave and substantiall. —

A Poet according to the Greek *Erymon*

Is a Maker, and so as in the Court,

There be some Creatures made, solid, and serviceable;

Others legier and ayrie; so are made by us

Poems, and Sonnets.

Pha. But here too, you entrench

Upon the Musitian.

Met. I, when 'tis for my purpose

A Poet has his Long and his Large sometimes,

With a prolix and tedious Preamble.

Sic costam longo subduximus Apenino.

Another has his Brief in a Sonnet,

And a *Semi-brief* in an Epigram

When it ends acutely. But will my Lady

Sing that my Sonnet next?

Pha. She will: but his Lordship

Must not hear, nor see it: he's all for light Ayres,

Amorous Dities that his Daughter may

Resolve to marry the young Lord *Valeran*.

Pha. Let me see, Mount, mount, my soul.

Met. Nay *Phantasio* let me read and grace

My own, you in *Prick-song*, I better vers'd

Phan. snatches
 she Verses, and
 attempts to read.

In Coma's, Colons, Semi-briefs, Periods, Et cetera. *Reads.*

*Mount, mount my soul, mount with a higher strain
From this sad vale, where pleasure mixt with pain,
Can have no Alt. Heaven is my dwelling place,
And earth below, for mourning, is the base.
I live to love, but not to match with grief,
A Long, a Large, I rather choofe a brief,
Vain Love! short life! ah Heaven new set my Song,
Change but one Note, a Brief into a Long.*

Pha. But if my Lord hear this!

Alci. Let him, and swear,

By all the gods, his daughter is my Mistress;

Pha. See here comes my Lord *Valerian*, let's withdraw. *Exeunt.*

Mer. *Angusta* whispering, she's a very Sharke.

Enter Valerian and Angusta.

Ang. Nay my Lord, could you think I could be so
Uncivil, but that I would as well tax you,
As him, that no exceptions might be taken.
You little know his drift. He under-hand
Offers me thousands to endear his Love,
Unto my Lady, which I'll never do.

Val. VVell said, the sum I promis'd, shall be thine.

Ang. Thus then my Lord, as I unweyl a heart
Unfaign'd unto your Lordship: I display
This Curtain, where a Voyce shall first invite.
Your Ear to listen, next to please your sight. *Exit.*

*Cecilie sings within, Mount, mount, &c. and after she
has sang it, she enters, Angusta following.*

Cec. My Lord, y'are welcome.

Val. So breaths a sweet perfume,
When milder *Zephyres* ventilate the Crestes
Of sweet *Arabian* Spiceries. VVelcome?
This only word, has here infus'd more heat
Than can bright *Phæbus* to the chilling earth.

Cec. Mistake me not (my Lord) VVelcom's a word
Of civil Courtesie. I a *Roman* bred,
And nobly born, should rudely seem to treat

One of your Rank, should I omit this one,
So course a Complement.

Val. Yet, 'tis to me,
If reall, (as I am sure it is) a word,
That bodes a happiness.

Cec. 'Tis true, my Lord,
A happiness transcendent, to enrich
A soul, with more, than all the beauties, honours,
Pleasures, or wealth, can now, or could conferre.

Val. Madam, with your favour, this far fetch'd strain,
Mounts 'bove the pitch of Love, which is the Aym,
And scope of my Ambition.

Cec. Ah, Sir, how then
Shall we mix soul with soul, as well as loves?
If mine above the daring Eagle soare,
And cleave Heavens glorious Arch, shall your daff soul
Lie wrap'd in Earth below? give me a soul
Can tower at least above the waking Lark,
And contemplate 'bove the eternal joyes;
Else what is it for me, and my *Valerian*,
'To lye encirc'l'd in each others Arms?
If ever I shall come to give my hand,
And plight my troth; shall not a mutual hand,
That may cooperate with mine, be joyn'd?

Val. Most willingly.

Cec. And shall not then your heart
Conspire with mine, with an unanimous
Consent?

Val. Most freely.

Cec. If then but to one Essence,
And Power immortal I lift heart and hands,
VVill you not joyn with me and do the like?

Val. I will.

Cec. You'll be a Christian, then?

Val. O! stay.

You urge too far, what by Philosophy
I have learn'd, you may perswade me to; but more,
VVhy should you crave? we both will worship one,
Acknowledge one, but sacrifice to one.

Cec. Indeed I was too forward, and hereby
May chance to be, like other Virgins, forc'd
To be your Love; by menacing of Death.

Or by my father (should you make this known)
May be constrain'd to entertain your love,
Which wrested, cannot be, what you desire.

Val. No Lady, fear not me; e're I betray
A beauty so endow'd with vertues,
Heaven strike me with a Thunder-bolt, or,
May love become abortive, and what here,
I have t'express the notions of my soul,
May it be rent from my more treacherous Jaws.
See in a happy hour my Lord and Lady,
Your Parents come.

Enter Marcus and Flavia.

Fla. So, hand in hand; so may your hearts be linkt
And after more, but why dost frown my girl?
Love has a nosegay all compos'd of sweets.

Am.r. *et melle et felle est jucundissimae*
Come honey, come gall, Love must abound in joy.
So thou (my Girl.)

Cec. Madam, you are the tree,
I, but the tender bud, yet while you flourish
I cannot droop or wither.

Flav. Bad me no buds.
Thou art a tree thy self, apt to bring fruit,
But with my Lord *Valerian's* help here, daughter,
You know my meaning.

Mar. I, she must be espous'd.

Cec. How my Lord.

Mar. Promis'd, betroth'd, and what not,
That may unite a pair, and make but one?

Fla. I, daughter, it must be so, how say you my Lord?

Val. With her consent you tender that to me,
Which nor the Gods can better.

Cec. How my Lord?
The Gods?

Val. 'Tis but a word of course sweet Lady:
One day, nor makes, nor can destroy a habit.

Cec. My Lord th'affair in hand do's so import
That of it self, besides my humble prayer,
It craves a time to pause, and weigh each ———

Fla. Each

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Fla. Each pudding ? tell us of pausing and weighing now ?

Tell us of time ? he wears his Locks before.

How many beauteous Ladies have I known,

Who in their prime of youth, could not (forsooth)

Nor love this Noble Knight, nor that brave Lord ;

Would have they they know not what ? Lik'd not their Garb,

Or were not so gentle : or else their shape

And personage was not so compleat and absolute.

In their eye as they desir'd : Thus trifling

With time, they lost their better fortunes,

Till Age grew on, and beauty was thereby

Disparag'd : Then a husband, nor so rich,

Nor so proper ; any then was welcome !

Yet to consider, you would have more time

Daughter ? *O tempora ! O mores ! Time ?*

Why he has wings.

Cec. And so has Love.

Fla. But time

Outstrips him : therefore now my Girl, resolve.

Mar. She's bashful, here, here, my Lord ; she's yours.

Fla. I, silence is consent, take her my Lord.

Hymen, Hymen, O Hymenae, Hymen.

Mar. So, we'll leave you for a while ; she alone

My Lord with you, in a familiar way.

Fla. Will be : (doubt it not) she'll be tractable.

Daughter, *Venus* be with thee, and *Adonis*

Be thy Companion. Come my Lord let's away :

To prepare for the Nuptials.

Mar. Now's our joy.

Fla. It will, when *Cis* shall bring a chopping boy. *Exeunt Mar.*

Cec. Ah, ha, oh !

Val. O do not blast sweet Lady,

Blast not the tender bud of blooming Love

With such sad sighs.

Cec. *Daphne* your fables tell,

Pursu'd by your *Apollo*.

Val. Not mine Madam.

Cec. Was metamorphos'd, and a *Lawrel* grew

So she escap'd. ---- I must retire awhile. *Receps*

Enter

F

Enter

Enter Metricio and Phantasio, and Angusta.

Val. But do not weep.

Met. No Madam, for my Lord
Your father has commanded me to make
An *Epithalamium*, to celebrate
This Festival, and solemn day design'd
For *Hymen's* Revels.

Met. And I must be
The *Paranymph*.

Ang. And I the *Pronuba*,
For you Madam the *Nymph* and *Nupta* too
Ere it be long.

Cec. For me a watry Nymph,
Whose eyes are steep'd in tears, and throbbing heart
Involv'd with grief --- Ah! Heaven new set my Song,
Change but one note, a *Brief* into a *Long*. *Swoones.*

Ang. My Lady swoones away: Help, help my Lord.
Madam! what die before the Wedding Day?

Cec. Day? Day? I saw indeed a glimpse of Day,
And thither I was hast'ning: Why didst call
Me back, t'invest with dismal Night? the Day
Was dawning, as I clos'd my heavy eyes,
To be made happy by eternal light.

Ang. 'Tis but a passion of the heart my Lord,
And now the worst is past.

Val. I am glad to hear it.

Ang. O! were *Tiburtius* mine, would I do thus?
Would I so near the Wedding Day retract,
What I had done? My Lord you heard her say
Retirement now was her desire.

Val. You'll have
A special care?

Ang. Of her, and you my Lord,
For now, your lives are one, as are your Loves,

Val. And let me hear

Ang. Each hour and moment too.

Val. Ah still go linkt together, wo and woo! *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter

The Converted Twins.

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Enter Officers and Palinodio in the midst, with his hands ty'd, and led by a rope.

Off. 1. Come along there.

Pal. I, here's the short and long
Of the business: either to betray my Lady and Bishop *Urban*
By a long mischief, or endure a short, but a sharp whipping.

Off. 2. Sirrah I'll prick you forward.

Pal. Nay forget not
(I prethee) thy Office, good Carman: whip not the Cart, but
The Jade that draws me there: Or let the Cart go before
The horse † so now whip and spare not. *Skips before his Leader.*

Off. 2. Back Sirrah, and keep your way.

Pal. If this be the way to happiness, let them walk in it
That will, not I.

Off. 1. Not you Sirrah? why what are you?

Pal. A Gentleman Usher I am,
But now am usher'd by a Rogue, and back'd by a Rascal.

Off. 2. Sirrah your hide shall pay for this, printed with Rubrick
Letters, like your red rag there, that is so sawcy.

Pal. Ah! Good people was ever Gentleman-Usher thus abus'd?
If gaming or wenching had forc'd one of my Calling to
Lay his Plush Suit to pawn, and wait on his Lady in
A thread-bare Cloak and Clothes? I never did so, though
Another of our Profession stole his Ladies Jewels, and
Pawn'd them to the Broker; I never did so: yet you see
Innocence may suffer.

Off. 1. Thou an Innocent, a Fool and a Knave thou art.

Pal. Prethee untie me then, and let us shake hands.

Off. 1. Sirrah the Post is near; then ----

Pal. Nay then he may bring newes for my release,
At least some of my Ladies house may look
Out there. O here comes Madam *Angusta*.

Enter Angusta.

Ang. Why how now *Palinodio*, dragg'd home like a runaway Apprentice, I thought you had lov'd my Lady better than so?

Pal. Why she jeers me?

Ang. Nay let me untie thy hands, that it may be said thou com'st home willingly.

F 2

Pal. As

Pal. As willingly as ever came Wench to her Comrade, when she wanted money.

Off. 1. Why how now bold *Beatrice*! can you justifie this Act?

Enter Tiburtius.

Ang. At least, here comes one that will. My Lord you love my Lady well, and therefore would not see her Dog wrong'd; much less her Servant here, and Gentleman Usher.

Tib. You Varlets, let him go.

Off. 2. Why Sir he's a Christian.

Pal. But a Roman withal I am. 'Twould ne're have griev'd me to have been whipt as a Christian; but as a Roman could ne're have been able to have wash'd away the disgrace.

Tib. Sirrah put on his Doublet, button it you Sirrah, and that speedily.

Pal. Why so now I have my Gentleman and Taylor to wait on me, thus for a good Cause, honour attends upon disgrace:

And I who whilome was condemn'd as no-man,

Am treated now, and honour'd like a Roman.

Off. 2. You'll answer this? my Lord *Almachius* shall know it.

Tib. Hence Rascalls, or —

Pal. Hence you base Canniballs.

Off. 2. Sirrah we shall meet with you again.

Pal. No, if I can help it.

Off. 1. Yes Sirrah this shall reach you, go to.

Pal. First may a halter stretch you, go two;

One halter will serve to hang you both. *Exeunt Officers and Palin. at*

Tib. Lady, how goes the squares here?

(Several Doors.)

Ang. So, with Lady

He begins again, as he clos'd the period:

Squares my Lord? Fortune's wheel turns round;

Your Brother, and my Lady were espous'd.

Ah my Lord that you had been so near the Mark!

Married in a manner they were.

Tib. And are they not.

Ang. Nay this night was design'd for bedding.

Tib. And is't not still?

Ang. Why say my Lord it is.

If you'll give what you promis'd —

Tib. And add more.

Ang. I'll passe my word (and faithful) as I am

You

You shall anticipate by free access
Unto her Chamber. And to augment your hopes,
What I avouch is truth. No sooner were
Th' Espousals finish'd, but she, drench'd in tears,
Fell in a swoon to th' earth : and what she then
Was muttering, I best know, who rais'd her up. ---
That what her parents by constraint had done,
Was no act of hers : And other words besides.
Which ---

Tib. When thou art, as thou deserv'st to be
Enrich'd by this, and more which I will give,
Thou wilt discover.

*Gives her a Purse
(of money).*

Ang. And to make all sure,
'Twixt eight and nine, come to the Postern Gate,
I'll let you in, and bring you to her Chamber door.
But I must not be seen : yet if you see
Some counter-mand which comes from her, as yet
To me unknown (but such a thing may be)
Then --- Noble Sir, lay not the fault on me :
But that which sways in Marriage; Destiny.

Tib. But if my Brother come and find me there.

Ang. As though I could not that prevent.

Tib. But how?

Ang. One word can do't, have we not every day
A world of tatling Visitants that come
To see, or to be seen, or idly chat?
To these I say my Lady is not well.
There's no reply 'gainst this. Nor will your brother
Make doubt of this, who lately left her in
Her fainting fits.

Tib. Thou wilt't not fail?

Ang. Not I.

Tib. Farewel, till then.

Exit.

Ang. Fortune attend your Lordship.

He's gone --- Hum ! -- now am I at my wits end,
Like one who has promis'd two Creditors
To pay the same sum of money, when he has,
But that in all the world. What shall I do?
Or which way turn to, dis-engage my self?
Tush ! An excuse a woman (sudden) brings.
(When tax'd) by touching of her apron strings. *Exit.*

ACT IV.

ACT. IV. Scene I.

Flourish. Enter Marcus, Flavia, Metricio, Phantasio,
Palinodio, Augusta, Cecilie.

Mar. **T**He *Negra* Night, though she has vail'd the skies,
And banish'd hence the lustre of the day,
Seems with the Musick to applaud this hour :
And with her flaming tapers shews the way

Fla. I sweet Girl.

There thou must lodge to night with some-body.

Mar. That was a boding word. But *Paranymph*
Thou hast a *Epirhalamium*?

Met. Yes my Lord.

Fla. Quick then let's hear't : I long till she's abed.

Met. Joy to the Bride, whom now you see,
Like to the Isle of Sicilie :
Which round about the Ocean laves,
And gently courts with chrystal waves :
Which purling in white foam, may be,
In Tape, the Zone of Chastity :
Come hither, watry Nymphs, and chide,
The slower pace, of our fair Bride :
Come clearer Rivers, Brooks, and Springs,
Behold, and envy what she brings :
Far purer thoughts, than are your streams,
By the reflection of Heavens beams :
Come Bridegroom, come, and happy be,
With thy fair Isle of Cecilie.
'Tis Hymen calls, come tie the Band ;
Joyn with this Isle of sever'd land :
That with a mutual, free consent,
You both, may make one continent.

Mar. I, that's the way to live honest : now you
Pronuba ? ne're a wise word ?

Ang. Yes

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Ang. Yes my Lord.

*Long may the Bride and Bridegroom joy, and I
Be next to share in like felicity.*

Mar. Daughter, here we leave you, so good night ----

Fla. This will be good, I know 'twas such to me.

Exeunt.

Cec. Assist me Heaven! ---- Here on my Chamber Door. *Manet.*

I fix this sacred spell, to force from hence

(Cecilie.)

Valerian: 'gainst which if he resist,

Hangs up the Copy of Verses.

Heaven has a stronger Guard. ----

Exit.

Enter Angusta, Tiburtius.

Ang. Here my Lord, here you may freely pass
Unto her Chamber; so I leave you.

Tib. Do so.

Hum! what have we here? a paper pendant?

She's musical, and by a Sonnet may

Rather invite me, than by word of mouth. ----

Being so modest as she is ----

He reads.

*Back, back Valerian, hence, away:
Such bold attempts, must have delay.*

Here's no safety to be found,

Back, away; 'tis sacred ground,

Where a Champion by my side,

Stands to guard me as his Bride.

Back, back Valerian, hence, away;

Such bold attempts, must have delay.

Back Valerian? as much to say, as

Come Tiburtius. But there's a Champion

Within (she says) which guards her as a Bride.

What Paramour? what Rival's this? why should

I hazard life? No, let *Valerian* come,

To grapple with th' Antagonist: who slain,

She will abhor my brother for the fact.

But say *Valerian* should be slain? what then?

I have th' estate, and powerful riches move,

And is the *Primum Mobile* to Love.

Exit.

Scene 2

Scene 2.

Val. The Coast is clear, no lurking Pirate lies
 In wait, no Shelf, nor Rock, nor Quickland here;
 That threatens Shipwrack to my fraighted Bark,
 That's bound for *Cecillie*: I'll put to shore.
 Yet stay: what have we here fixt on her Door?
Back, back, Valerian, hence, away;
 What means this Charm? or what infernal Spell
 Is this which so conjures *Valerian*?
Here's no safety to be found. I am betraid
It here a Champion by my side,
Stands to guard me as his Bride?
 Hum! be what he will, *Hector* or *Hercules*;
 I dare encounter. *Back, back, Valerian?* No.

Valerian pulls the Curtain and Cecillie enters.

Lady this traverse must no longer, be,
 Partition to our Loves, who are as one.

Cec. I come my Lord, why are you thus incens'd?

Val. Come then, and let me like the amorous vine
 About the Elm, enfold thee in mine Armes.
 Nay flie not back, manag're thy Magick Spels,
 Champion or Devil, Ile not be retrograde.

Cec. Keep off, *Valerian*, touch me not, or die.

Val. The interest I claim is due by promise,
 And ratifi'd by Heaven: th' art mine: I must
 And will enjoy thee.

Cec. Stay good my Lord,
 But hear me speak.

Val. Not I.

Cec. Oh! Noble Sir;
 Be not too rash: Condemn me not before
 You know me guilty.

Val. Speak then, but be succinct.

Cec. I will, and thus a secret do unfold.
 There is an Angel Guardian of my soul
 And body too. A glorious powerful wight;
 Brighter than *Phabus* rayes, when he with all
 His lustre darts his fiery-sprakling beams.
 Whose eye like burning lamps resplendent shine.

Whose

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Whose Arms can reach above *Olympus* height.
Whose breath can blast, as Northern winds do buds,
An host of warriors. Dwarfs your Giants were
That fought against your Gods, compar'd with him,
Nay more.

Val. Nay, you have said enough: too much,
Beyond belief. But think not thus to scare
Valerian with your bugbears. There within
Thy Chamber, thou false-hearted *Cecily*,
Thy Paramour lurks, whom, that he may escape,
Thou mak'st so terrible. Tush! I nor fear
His dreadful brow, nor more than humane strength.
This sword shall make a passage through his heart:
Where should I finde thee, oh! Could my just wrath
Forbear to quell what most I lov'd till now.

Cec. And may do still my Lord.

Val. Say then, what is he?
But I must see.

Cec. You shall, but if you now,
Now as you are a *Pagan*, should attempt
To violate by force, He, though unseen,
Will strike you dead. Which mischief to prevent,
I beg upon my knees you will forbear.

Val. May I not see him?

Cec. He's a Spirit, Sir,
Has no Corporeal substance, can assume
A shape so dreadful, As no mortal can
Behold.

Val. All this is but illusion.

Cec. Then, cause you'r jealous, search my Chamber round.

Val. I will. *Val. searches within.*

Cec. Nay look in every corner, Sir.

Val. I have, and no man finde. Why then th'art chaste
And true to thy *Valerian*:

Cec. Heaven knows I am.

And love you 'bove all mortals. Therefore I
Beg on my knees with tears, not to attempt
To bring me to your Bed, and hasten fate,
Which brings a double death: That of your soul:
'Tis that my Lord, which makes mine eyes distill
These dewy drops, which trickling down my cheeks
From thence ascend to the Almighty's throne,

St. Cecillie, Or,

To beg of him t'appease and curb your wrath,
And to constrain your too much daring hand.

Val. Thou hast prevail'd, but 'tis on this condition
That I may see that Angel; and I vow. —

Cec. Vow to believe, and joyn with me in faith.
Then shall our souls be linkt, our loves more chaste;
And if I shew you not that glorious wight,
Say, I am false, and my Religion such:
Say I am treacherous both to Heaven and you.

Val. I could be curious.

Cec. Be not so my Lord,
But really proceed, and with desire,
Of Heaven, which must be priz'd above a wife.

Val. Well, I am resolv'd; what then must next be done?

Cec. VVill you be secret?

Val. As thyne own heart my Dear.

Cec. In *Via Appia*, which your Lordship knows,
Not far from hence, in Vaults within the Earth,
Lye many Christians. 'Mongst the rest there's one,
A venerable Man, our *holy Bishop*,
Be pleas'd (attended by my man) to go
To him, who will instruct you in our Faith:
And when the purifying streams shall rinse,
And cleanse the Ordures of your tainted soul,
Return to me: and then you shall behold,
What, next th'eternal power, is wonderfull.

Val. Methinks a light's transfu'd into my soul,
And a more powerfull fire has seiz'd upon
My now relenting heart, which do's adde wings
To my desires. Madam, I take my leave:
Till my return, be what you are.

Cec. Still yours. —

'Tis but the hand of Heaven which wounding cures.

Exeunt.

Enter Tiburtius.

Tib. Hum! my brother gone, and not so much as blood shed?
This kill-cow Champion then enjoys her still. *Cecily sings within.*
List, she's in triumph, singing, and now 'tis
Back back *Tiburtius*. Fear not; I am not so forward
To hazard life or limb for a Mistress:
Much less for thee who hast a Paramour.

Exeunt.

Expect not then *Tiburtius* bold attempt. —

Yet, Madam! madam!

Cec. VVhat's he disturbs us there?

Is't you my Lord *Tiburtius*?

Tib. As you see.

But where's *Valerian* your Lord and Love? fear'd hence

By your so dreadfull Champion, or your spells?

Cec. Not so, but to return again he's gone.

And when they meet by one sole interview,

All quarrels shall be ended.

Tib. Very good.

And who of three shall then enjoy your love?

Cec. That soon shall be discover'd by th'e vent.

Tib. Yet one thing ere we part, I fain would know:

By what Enchantment now, while VVinter cloathes

The Earth with snow and hoary frosts, such odours

Breath, as if with rich perfume the Lilly

And sweeter Rose were by a forward Spring,

Brought forth to yield their pleasing favours, here;

No Flowers I see, but Roses in your Cheeks,

No Lillies, but those Ivory fingers there,

VVhich cannot vent such odoriferous sents,

As now perfume the Ayre.

Cec. Oh Noble Sir,

Think not, we Christians work by Magick art. —

VVith Roses here, and Lillies intermixt

My temples with a Coronet are wreath'd,

VVhich though you see not, we no Sorcery

Have us'd to blinde your eyes, which have a filme

That overspreads your sight. Go, go, my Lord;

I pray go to your brother, take his advice;

And then return: then (happy) shall you see,

The Garland which I wear of fragrant Flowers;

And see besides with him, what I have promis'd.

Tib. Madam, your Charm is powerfull; I'll away.

Exit.

Cec. May Heaven illumine both as he begins,

And born again shall be these Noble Twins.

Exit.

SCENE III.

*Enter Almachius, Saphricius, Officers, and
Headsmen with an Axe.*

Alm. **C**OME bring him forth, I'll see the Execution;
Or if he yet relent and sacrifice
Unto our gods, he's pardon'd.

Sap. To your gods?

Your Devils, Monsters, Moppets, Puppets, Bugges.

Alm. Out thou blasphemous wretch! away with him.

Sap. I have endur'd a torture in each joynt:
These feet were scorch'd, these arms with burning torches:

Enter Nicephorus.

Yet could I suffer more.

Alm. Take him away.

Nic. O! let me come; 'tis more than time to speak,

Saphricius! *Saphricius!*

Alm. What's hee

That interrupts our Justice?

Nic. Saphricius,

I once was thy dear friend, and thou wert mine,

Untill (unfortunate) we fell at jarres,

And open enmity, yet now at least

Forgive, as I do thee.

Sap. Forgive thee? no.

Thou too injurious wert to be forgiven.

Nic. Say all the fault were mine, and only you

Were injur'd, yet now destin'd as a Victim

And sacrifice for Heaven, what Heaven commands

For Heaven's sake do not omit.

Sap. I never will forgive thee.

He troubles me here.

Off. Come Sirrah, stand aside.

Nic. Pardon; upon my knees I beg it; forgive me

Good *Saphricius.*

Off. What an absurd fellow art thou?

What need'st fear him, he's going to die,

Nic. Oh

Nic. Oh there's a Power above; all Charity,
All Goodness, Love; for which he gives his life,
To which his soul relates, and must be like,
In rendring good for ill, and pardoning all:
Therefore upon my knees, again I beg it.

Sap. Away thou hatefull and injurious man,
Nor I, nor Heaven, will pardon thy offence.

Nic. Here prostrate on the earth, I kiss your feet,
Though you likewise I thought had wronged me;
Yet be the fault all mine, forgive me, Sir.

Sap. Not I: this fellow vexes me.

Off. Be gone.

Alm. Force him to silence there, or stop his mouth.

Off. Now prepare: y'are come to th' place assign'd.

Sap. Assign'd for what?

Off. For Death, by this keen Axe.
Because thou wilt not offer sacrifice

To *Jupiter*;

Sap. So, is't for that cause, then——

Alm. Executioner do your Office.

Saphr. trembles.

Off. I will my Lord

Instantly. The valiant *Saphricius*,
Who late endur'd all kinde of Tortures, now
Begins to tremble every joynt and limbe.
I'll cure him of his Palsey.

Sap. Hold, ah! hold
Thy hand, my friend, and hear one word.

Off. What's that?
For two thou shalt not have, what is it?

Sap. Gods.

Off. Speak that again.

Sap. Unto the Gods I say,
I'll sacrifice.

Alm. VVhat says he there, of Gods?

Off. That he to them will sacrifice.

Sap. Discover

Too I will, what now a Christian Lady
Is perpetrating 'gainst two Noble Lords.

Alm. Thou hast thy life: The gods are mercifull.

Nic. My Lord! my Name's *Nicephorus*.

Alm. What's next?

Nic. I am a Christian too, and what this Renegade

Has lost, I come to gain ; a Palm of Victory.
A Crown immortall.

Alm. Art thou then a Christian?

Nic. I say, I am ; and were it possible
VVould give another life, so that I might
Reclaym him there who has renounc'd his Faith
For want of Love : the badge a Martyr brings,
Else cannot have the honour to be such.

Alm. Gaoler, take him to your custody. And to morrow
(If he recant not, as his fellow has done)
Executioner you know your Office, let him dye.
I must away : affairs which much import
Are calling on me. Come *Saphricius*

I go to offer Incense to great *Jove* ;

Exeunt.

Sap. I'll joyn with you my Lord most willingly. *Manet Niceph.*

Nic. He's gone ; O miserable man ! he's lost
For ever lost, I fear. Suffer'd so much ?

& Exeunt.

So long ! and at the last apostatize. ——— ay me !
Have you not well observ'd the Provence Rose,
How every leaf pluckt from the Neighbouring Chives,
Is tipt as 'twere with Gold ? Such are our actions,
Such our thoughts ; when golden Charity
And Love dos guild our every leavy thought,
Sprung from the soul : else nought avails, nor death,
Without the hearty love of friend and Foe :
He onely dyeth well, that's living so.---- *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

*Valerian and Tiburtius come out of the Vault, Urban
appearing to the middle above the Vault.*

Urban. **M**Y Lord *Valerian* (twice the elder Son
By birth and Faith) you'l have a special care
Of him that seconds you, your only brother,
Who less instructed, cause the time was short,
Next that of Heaven t'assist, wants your support. ---
You are my children now, and sheep : farewell.
Doubt not the Lady wil fulfill her word.
Remember now y're Combatants for Heaven :
And that your Guerdon, an immortal Crown,

The Converted Twins.

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Is that you fight for; not for fading wreathes.

Val. For this Atchievement we entreat your Prayers.

Urban. Nor I in that, nor in paternal care

Will be defective, Heaven blefs my Children.

Descends.

Val. Where we have been, what seen, and what acquir'd;

Our breasts may better lodge than we can utter.

W'have been in Paradise, beheld a Heaven

I'th bowels of the earth: the Christian Flock

Within a Fold, whose darkness is exil'd,

As well b' exemplar life, as burning Lamps.

Here some in Prayers, there others chaunting Hymns:

Here some in Contemplation.

Tib. Others I saw

And heard exhorting to a vertuous life,

And some instructing *Catechumens*, such

As prepare themselves for holy tincture.

Val. Not mine and thine is heard amongst them there,

But all in common, all one heart, one will:

Unanimous they live. VVhy now methinks

I am arm'd 'gainst all events.

Tib. I'll follow you.

Val. Could pull down Idols, and destroy their Fanes:

O! what a greeting will there be betwixt

That vertuous Lady and our new born selves?

Enter Three Watchmen.

Madam I come, I flye with wings of Love,
One soul with thine, one heart and faith I bring,
Now touch thy Organ, and melodious sing.

Tib. But heark, my Lord, ere we set forward,---
I am deceiv'd if I see not some here in *Via Appia*,
Are wont to lie in wait for Christians.

1. Come my Masters, keep your standing.

2. I see two of 'hem.

3. Then let's comprehend 'hem.

1. No, we'll respect 'hem till they come within
Reach, and then down with 'hem.

2. No, no, let's dog 'hem home, and beset the house.

3. That we may do by the sent; for I smell them already;
Th' are so muskified:

1. I feel.

1. I follow 'hem close. So, so, when they're hous'd
Have at 'hem, then, hah! for a Booty.

Exeunt omnes.

SCENE V.

*Enter Flavia, and Marcus, Angusta, Metricio,
Phantasio, Palinodio.*

Fla. *Angusta*, come ye hither.

Ang. Yes, Madam.

Fla. Tell me, when was your Ladie's bed last made?

Ang. Madam, upon the Marriage day i'th morning

Fla. And never since?

Mar. looks within.

Ang. Not since indeed, Madam.

Mar. 'Tis even so: Nay worse, for 'tis yet made.

Ay me! here's no body. Ah! that bod'ing! somebody
Has deceiv'd us VVife. This a Nuptial bed?

Fla. Nay, not so much as tumbled on. VVhy where?

VVhere lay my Daughter all this while.

Ang. Alas!

Good Lady! if he came not to bed, was't

Her fault? In former times (I know it well)

She often watch'd all night: spent it in prayer:

But now what Lady could have been so godly?

Fla. I am vext.

Mar. And so am I.

Fla. Nay I am

Asham'd to see't, wed and not bed together!

Mar. Now Sir, you with your Epithalamiums,

To Met.

Your Epigrams, Anagrams, Chronograms,

Your Raptures, Enthusiasmes, and Whim-whams.

To humour my Daughter, with your Melancholy

Strains, that now she's fit for no-thing, nor no-

-Body, that I see; And you with your *Dia-*

To Phan.

-Pason, and brain-sick Crotchets! you have run

A fair division, have you not, to separate

Man and VVife? And you Gentleman-usher.

To Pal.

That look so wilde: you that have been rambling---

And now come scar'd out of your little wits,

VVhat newes? what's the matter with you now?

Pal. A

Pal. A matter of matters, nay all my back and sides
Had been *Matter*, but that Noble *Tiburtius* came
To succour me. Otherwise I had been stript and whipt,
Onely for saying my Lady was as fair as *Venus*.

Mar. But where's my Lord *Valerian*?

Pal. He'll be here
This night, or to morrow morning.

Fla. To morrow morning, will
That be a fit time to visit his wife, Goodman *Palinodie*?

Pal. Why then to Night Madam, he'll be here. (money.)

Fla. Thou'rt welcome then, here's thy reward. ---- Both give him

Mar. And here, come *Flavia* let's prepare. *Exeunt Mar. & Fla.*

Pal. Poet and Musitian, look here. †Will you participate? No.
'Tis strange a Poet that stands so much on feet, †*Shews the money.*
Should fall into wants: Or that a Musitian
Should not live as well on good aires, as a Sycophant
By an ill breath; but nothing strange that this
Gentleman-Usher † by this, and this, is richly clad † *Kisses his hand,*
In plush here. (and congies.)

Met. So, so.

Pal. Yet that you may not sing with heavy heart
For both your Muses, go, I have a quart.

ACT. V. Scene I.

Enter Valerian.

Val. **F**ear, with belief, unpowers: disarms me now
Who late was daring, while (an unbeliever;) (an unbeliever;)
I could not credit what by faith I've learn'd,
That there are Spirits call'd Intelligences,
On whose Majestick brow a terrour dwells. —
The gentle plaits I dare not now unfold,
Who once could like a violent torrent rush
Into her Chamber. Might I see Her first,
Whose countenance is angelical, from thence
Mine eye might be transferr'd, though fearfully
To view her Angel.

Enter Devil.
H

Devil Here

Dev. Here I am : look then,
On me ; an Angel.

Val. But not hers, thou art
So monstrous, ugly, and deform'd.

Dev. I am.

And that I may evict belief from thee, † *A Masque of Ladies,*
† See Nymphs and Ladies here which I command, (*Devils & Satyrs.*)
As fair as thine : Mine rather might have said, *The Dance ended,*
For when she's slumbring in her bed, I stand (*when Valerian draws*
And gently fold in mine, her lilly hand. (*the Curtain, they all*
Which nimbly now shall touch the Organ : and, (*vanish, and Cecilie*
While that, and other Musick sounds ; t'advance (*enter.*
The power I have, I here command a Dance.

They dance.

Enter Cecilie.

Geo. Welcome my Lord, my dearest Love and Spouse.
What means this ghastly look ? what is't you fear ?

Val. They're vanish'd, all with him, who standing there
Told me, he was thine Angel ; but so ugly,
I could not think a beauty had commerce
With such a monster.

Cec. No ; my Lord, 'twas he
Who opposite to my blest Guardian, seeks
To ruin that, the other do's preserve.

Val. But here were Ladies too.

Cec. But airy Phantoms :
Deluding Devils, they who can assume
What shape they list : yet still are limited
In that, and power by the Almighty's will

Val. And yours it seems ; for at th'approach of day,
As the black *Negra* Night with Ravens wings
Posts from the Confiners of the Universe,
So did at your aspect, these spirits vanish. —

Cec. My Lord, I need not be inquisitive to know *Enter Angel with*
What now you are : this object shall suffice *(two wreaths of*
To tell how faith has clear'd your gloomy eyes. *(flowers, made*
(of Lilies and
Roses.

Val. But not so eagle-sighted yet am I
As to behold this glorious wight.

Cec. Yet, but

A ray, or glimpse of the immortal power.

Angel Hail

The Converted Twins.

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Angel. Hail to you Virgin, and your happy Spouse,
Blest be your Loves, which heaven has linkt in one.
I come from yon bright Mansion, Paradise ;
From thence have brought these fragrant wreaths of flowers
The pure white Lilly and the crimson Rose
That, to denote your spotless, chaster Loves ;
This, to present the ardour of your flames,
Which upward tend towards th' immortal fire.
Bow, bow your heads, while crossie-wise thus I crown,
To symbolize, you must stoop low to rise.
And like the Palme be prest ; for with renown,
Without Afflictions Crossie, is gain'd no Crown.

Enter Tiburtius and kneels.

Here yet a Crown expects a Champions head,
Who in his first (as he was born from Earth)
Come's now to joyn, blest by a second birth.
Joyn Arm in Arm as you enwombed lay,
A loving pair, yet happier twins too day.

*The brothers
(embrace.*

Cecilie sings.

*So from the Brook return the bathed Doves,
While from your candid breast spring purer Loves.
So from the waters wash'd, we may behold
The pure white sheep return unto the fold,
So in the dewy Morn, we see the Larkes
So freighted come a pair of wave-wash'd Barkes.
Then welcome Doves with chaster Loves.
Welcome enroll'd Sheep in the fold,
Mount pair of Larkes, and for your Barkes,
Heaven be your Haven : ne're disband,
Here cast your Anchor, Hope, and Land.*

Angel Time calls away to mount 'bove liquid skies,
Be arm'd, prepare, a sudden storm will rise
Lose not your Sea-mark Heaven, but boldly steer. ---
The Tempest past, dark clouds shall disappear ;
Next, Day eternal shine ; Blest three adieu, ---
None shall behold your wreaths, but such as you. *Exit.*

Val. Come then Disasters, Fire, and Sword, and Racks.

Tib. Come what can come, what spiteful hell can belch,
Or Heaven shall please to send, or shall permit.

Val. Or come whatsoe're it be, as we embrace,
We'll hug their torments. What is't once to die,
To live so many lives, eternally?

Cec. My dear *Valerian*, now, as fully mine,
As I am yours, and both linkt to a third,
Your dearest brother: summon'd now by heaven
To be ingulf'd in a tempestuous Mayne,
Let's to his Standard flie, who now invites
His souldiers to a Combate. His pure-white
Of Innocence, and flowing purple, tells,
Ours must be like, although no parallels.

SCENE 2.

Enter Almachius, and Officers, Maximus and Attendants.

1 Off. There my Lord; those two we dog'd from *Via Appia*.

Alm. *Valerian* and *Tiburtius* Christians? I thought as much.

Val. But not so much as we can act of Christians.

Alm. Nor could I think so much of Sorcery,
As can this younger Lady actuate:

Enter Marcus and Flavia.

Lay hold of her and those her two Disciples.

Mar. What have we here to do? Disturb me in
My own house?

Alm. And carry hence your Daughter too,
That's more; for Justice has no limit. Take her
Away.

Mar. It shall not need my Lord: I passe
My word, she shall be forth coming.

Alm. Nay here,
Your house is ample, we can soon dispatch.
Let first the Brothers come.

Val. VVe rather flie,
T'embrace the worst of deaths thou canst invent.

Alm. Y'are Noble; adore our mighty Gods, and live.

Tib. That were t'offend th' Almighty Power of Heaven.

Alm. You know the penalty, to lose your goods,
Confiscate.

Val. Goods? They are but breeding evils:
But now disburs'd amongst the poor, a treasure laid up in Heaven.

The Converted Twins.

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Alm. I there she stands who wrought this policy,
VVe'l come to hear the source of all this mischief.

Mean while (my Lords) you (to resolve) retire,
Either t'adore the Gods, or be beheaded.

Val. VVhat two extrems are these? Or make a Stocking
Or Stone a God (renouncing him above,
T' incur everlasting death) or die,

This I. —

Tib. And I embrace.

Val. To die but once.

Tib. Live ever: Thus I am resolv'd.

Val. And I.

Alm. Then take 'hem hence.

Exeunt Val. & Tib.

Bring in the Lady.

Offic. She's here my Lord.

Alm. Sitting down.] Cecile, thou art here arraign'd for hainous crimes,
Which who could think were lurking in a breast
So young and tender? In a Damofel fair,
And by extraction Noble? But when Vice
Usurpes a hold in better Natures, soon
They are deprav'd, like richer wines, which once,
Corrupted, taint the Vessel more where th'are
Enclos'd— So young! yet could'st by Magick Art
Enchaunt the Lord *Valerian*; who enamour'd,
Was by thy powerful and bewitching chaimes
Bound in the chains of a prodigious love. ---
Then was he wrought upon t' abjure the Gods,
And march among the superstitious rank
Of such Impostors as thy self. --- This done,
(For mischief has no period) you engross
His Goods, his Plate, and Jewels: Was content
To feign a Marriage, more t'endear your self,
Though 'twere by prostitution. Next you were content
He might be publicly traduc'd
For Christianisme, and now to lose his head,
With his, as Noble Brother, Lord *Tiburtius*.
VWho else might have enjoy'd his full estate.
Lastly, to cheat the Emperour of his Right,
VVhich comes for want of heir, they have I see,
VVhich was a plot of yours) they have no place,
No other Magazine (where they have hid
Their treasure) but Beggars, Rogues, and Rascals,

Apostates,

Apostates, and such like scum of th' earth. ----
 All's gone, all given away, by which you hope
 (Forsooth) to gratifie your poor-born God.
 Is not this true, and verified by many
 Which I could name ; amongst the rest *Saphricus*,
 A holy Convert, who was one of yours,
 Well vers'd in all your plots. But why should I
 Exaggerate, what of it self is so,
 Enormous ? No : I pity Lady your
 More tender years, and Noble Parents here :
 Pity a beauty which deserves to be
 Enthron'd upon a Princely Seat, rather
 Than be so vilified, and made so base
 As to consort with sordid, despicable,
 And abject riff-raffe, vipers, vermines, worms,
 Which creep in th' earth, and lurk in horrid Caves.
 What say you Lady, deny ? or guilty yield ?

Cec. What need I traverse this Indictment ? all
 Compacted of untruths ? know then I am
 A Christian ; not therefore base ; but you
 Who in your Gods, do homage to the Devil.
 Christian and base ! O ! had I breath enough,
 To echo in the air this glorious Name :
 A title 'tis ; *Encomium*, that transcends
 'Bove humane things ; by Christian I am made.
 More noble than by birth, more powerful than
 Your *Cæsars* ; more victorious. Tell me of Goods ?
 Gold, Plate, and Jewels ! These I more contemn,
 Than what I trample on. Unworthy Judge
 That call'st me prostitute, I despise
 Thee, and thy Goddesse, that were but such :
 Harlots, and Queens : thy Gods adulterous.
Valerian is my Sponse ; but far more dear
 By that which now he is : A Christian.
 This our glory, this is our true renown,
 To gain by combat an immortal Crown.

Am. Our patience is abus'd, our Gods contemn'd,
 To whom, or sacrifice, or die.

Cec. But die ?
 Dye but one death ? must I but lose one life
 To purchase an eternal ? Oh ! how good !
 How bounteous heaven, which by a quick return,

Renders for death a life for ever happy !

Alm. Bring 'hem forth there ; Sha't see to what thou'st brought
A wretched pair, who late were Noble Lords. *Enter Head/ma*
And if good Nature be not utterly *(Val. and Tib. and Cec.*

In thee deprav'd, thy more relenting heart
Cannot but have remorse. See here they come.
Poor Lords ? dejected men ! that fix on thee
Their heavy eyes, from whence the mischief sprang.

Cec. Not heavy eyes, not sad, but chearful, clear,
Made such by the reflexive light of heaven.

My Lords, you my dear Spouse, and you his brother.
You have th'honour first r'invest your selves
Within the lists, where I should first have been,
Who first shew'd you the way : but y'have out-strip
Your Leader as lesse worthy, who shall be
Happier to trace the manly steps you tread.

Val. Dear Spouse and Mistress (not in *Venus* School,
But that of Heaven) by you we first were taught
A lesson which we now have got by heart :
That humane love is like a coal of fire,
Which lies on th' hearth ; but by the mounting flame
A love divine is figur'd, which transcends.
Therefore salute you with a chaste embrace.

Farewel dear Spouse. *Embraces her.*

Cec. Death parts but for a while,
I'll hasten after ; that as our bodies bed
In earth together, our souls may reunite.

Tib. May I be *Paranymph*, and lead the way,
Who though I last come hither of us two,
May by this birth precede.

Cec. O ! force of love !
Or first, or last, ambitious in desire
Of heaven, you happy twins shall meet again. ---
But *Lords* you suffer here, as *Kings* shall reign.

Alm. Away with 'hem to th' place of execution,
O ! now they're coming back, and will recant.

Val. Madam !

Cec. My Lord !

Val. Dear Love adieu.

Cec. Dear Spouse adieu.

Tib. We crave your prayers t' assist us in the way.

Cec. Blest be your night that brings eternal day.

Exeunt Val. :

(and Tib.)

Alm. Peace

Alm. Peace, Sorceresse, with thy enchaunting tongue.
 O smoke shall stop the passage of thy breath.
 Fire shall consume thee Witch; take her away; into her own dry bath.
 Beset her round with fagots, and dissolve
 To ashes that polluted corps. Away with her.

Cec. Thus happy may I be, and lose my breath,
 Midst flames of Love, and die a *Phanix* death. *Exit with Officers.*

Al. Maximus.

Max. My Lord.

Alm. Go see them beheaded.

Max. I will, my Lord. *Exit Max.*

Alm. Dispatch and bring me word.

Enter Marcus and Flavia and kneel.

Now my Lord *Marcus*, and my Lady there,
 What is't you now petition on your knee?

Mar. O! Sorrow, till now, deny'd to give a vent
 To my furcharged soul,

Alm. What is't you crave?

Mar. That th' execution of the law may be
 Suspended; our Daughter may be reclaim'd,
 She's young.

Alm. No, no, you should have had a care
 In time: 'tis now too late, she's so poyson'd

Enter Maximus looking up in the air, an Officer following.
 With Christian superstition. Now *Maximus*
 Are the two poppy heads cut from their stems?

Max. Dead th' are, and yet not dead, see where, see, see,
 Th' are mounting in the air.

Alm. The fellow's mad.

Max. No, no, the glorious souls I see of that
 Blest pair, *Valerian* and *Tiburtius*.

Alm. Imaginary Visions in the air,
 Or else the Twins *Pollux* and *Castor*, which
 We call *Tyndarides*.

Max. No, 'bove the height of the rich spangled skies,
 Two winged Wights, more bright than sunny beams,
 I see transporting of their fulgent souls. ----

Great is *Valerian* and *Tiburtius* God.

Alm. Yet more Witchcraft?

Max. No, the Gods are Devils,
 Which have bewitch'd you with their fopperies.

Alm. Out upon the Villain! blasphemous Renegade.

Enter

Enter an Officer.

Take him away to burn with the Enchauntresse;
If she already be not burnt!

Exit Maximus with Officers.

Headsm. Not burnt my Lord,
The flames at distance keep, and dare not touch
So much as that which doth her body vest.

Alm. Yet more sorcery! why? hast thou not a sword
To sever head from shoulders?

Headsm. Yes my Lord,
Sharp as a razor.

Alm. Hast a vigorous arm?

Headsm. And dextrous too, to slice as from the stalke,
A limber Daffie or a Daffadil, ----

Alm. Then come with me, I'll be spectator. *Exit Alm.*

Mar. Come *Flavia*, shall we not see our daughter? *(Attendants.)*

Fla. Our Daughter murder'd? Can the loving Ewe
Behold her tender lamb snat .h'd from her side,
And see it slaughter'd by the Butchers hand?
I cannot husband, be a cruel witness
Of the disastrous death of my dear lamb.

Mar. If flames could not consume, why should the sword,
Be more injurious to an innocent?
Or if her God with a more powerful hand
Could curb the raging fire, why may not he
Contract the Nerves of that more cruel Butcher?
Or aim her Neck against the dint of Steel?

Enter Headsm.

Headsm. But see our hopes are vain: She's dead, she's dead,
Behold his murdering Sword befear'd with blood.

Headsm. Hum! what prodigy is this? my Sword's not dull,
Nor was my arm bereav'd of wonted strength,
Why then, while thrice I struck, and thrice my sword
Had passage as I thought 'twixt joynt and joynt;
Why fell not down her mown off tottering head?
Like ice on cragged rock dissolv'd by heat?

Enter Cecilie lead by her servants.

See here she comes, what soder could she have?
To cement what this sword disjoynted thrice
Or this is Magick Art, or else she has
An *Esculapins* 'bove all power of Gods.

Mar. Lives still our daughter, or by your support
Is she but held?

Fla. Breaths still this virgin head,
Which has a languid, yet a sweet aspect?

Cec. Dear Parents yet I live, could you believe
The fabulous story of your *Hercules*,
Who slic'd off *Hydra's* heads, which grew again
In number moe, yet not believe your eyes,
Which see I live, or ears, which hear me speak?

Mar. Still may'st thou live, whom now we living see.

Cec. Still would you have me live? Dost not suffice
That bounteous heaven has granted me three dayes
At my more humble suit to intercede
For your Conversion?

Fla. Alas what are three dayes
To enjoy a Child?

Cec. This was the boon I begg'd,
That with your leave, this house may be transform'd,
And consecrated to the power above,
To be a Church, where true believers may
Adore their Maker, and by frequent prayer
Appease his wrath, by whose permission now

Enter Angel, and stands by her.
Th'are persecuted. --- Soft! what whispering voice
Is that which by prophetick spirit tells,
That this my body to be buried here,
Shall (when a thousand and four hundred years
Are fully past and gone) be found entire.

Mar. I, Daughter, might we live till then and see it,
I then would be a Christian.

Fla. So would I.

Cec. You would. Ah! Infidelity! when thou
Hast long been fostred in a darksome breast,
How hard it is for light to be transfus'd;
Or heat of love into decrepit age?
Happy who young begin to live and love.
Dost not hear *Angusta*?

Ang. Yes forsooth Madam.

Cec. Thou weep'st I see, there can no richer pearls
Add lustre to a virgins face, than tears
Which are distill'd for expiation of
A sin-sick soul. *Tiburtius* thou didst love;

The Converted Twins.

59

Valeaian was my Spouse. They are gone before
T'eternal happiness. I follow myne.

O! may'st thou emulate, succeed to thyne.

Palinodio.

Pal. Here Madam.

Cec. Thou'st been
But staggering in thy Faith; suiting too much
VVith *Palinodie*, ready to recant, *When but a whipping menac'd to thy skin*
A transitory pain.

Pal. 'Tis true, Madam,

I never lov'd such transitory things,
Which by the world entic'd or threaten'd me.

Cec. Thou'st been my Gentleman-usher.

Pal. Yes forsooth,
I have been so.

Cec. Henceforth shall be no more,
To usher thee to Heaven, I go before.

Metricio.

Met. Here sweet Madam.

Cec. Thou hast been
My Poet to compose in sacred Verse
Spiritual Sonnets, ayres that suited best
With th'Organ, my delight at vacant hours.
Yet much adoe I had to curb that strain
Of levity, thou hadst, which too propense
To amorous Ditties, did profusely vent
It self (to please the humour of the time)
In vainer Raptures of Prophanning Love.
Desist from this and in a pious way,
Thy strays shall raise dull thoughts to things on high.
Vertue's the soul of Verse not Vanity.

Phantasio! my Musitian, where are you?

Phan. Here Madam, I.

Cec. Insist not much on that,
That I, or self-conceit, predominates
In thee too much. What is't to have a Voyce
To raise 'bove *Ela*, while the drooping soul
Below the base of abject things descends.
Thou can'st mine Organ: Tune thy discordant mind
Which too phantastick, too too vain, discourses.

Mean be thy measure; else thy strains are Slurres.
 I want a servant yet: O there he stands;
 'Tis he that ran devision best: 'Twas he
 Which rounded, with a Crimson twist of silk,
 This neck with pretious Rubies once adorn'd.
 But now more fulgent shines (with that he gave)
 VVith all the splendours of Heaven's richer gemms.
 Thanks for this favour Headsmen. To forgive *Gives him Money*
 VVere small requital. Here; believe and live. *in a Purse.*

Headf. Fair goddess of the Earth. *Kneeling.*

Cec. Thou art deceiv'd.

Headsm. O! more than woman then.

Cec. That I deny.

Headf. Then fairest Virgin, this hard heart of stone
 Y'have mollified. Vouchsafe to take this sword.

Cec. Only to kiss.

Headf. And cut off his right hand,
 VVhich has transgress'd.

Cec. O! do not tempt to sin.

Headf. Then I believe, there is a greater power
 Of goodness in your soul, than all our gods.

Cec. From one it is deriv'd who reigns above:

Headf. Him I confess; in him believe,—

Cec. And love.

O my dear Parents can you then, not love

That power immortal? not believe in him,

VVhom he adores with me, a true Believer?

Mar. } VVe do, we do, with thee, to live and die.
Fla. }

Cec. In Paradiſe in joy ſhall ever laſt:

Sound muſick then and let me ſing my laſt.

Sings.

Glorious Sun thy beams diſplay

To the dawning of this day.

That this payre who gave me being

May the light of truth be ſeeing.

Come dear Parents, on each ſide,

Lead me now who am your guide,

That you may who gave me being

Live in bliſſe, which is by ſeeing.

The Song ended,

Mar. What

The Converted Twins.

61

Mar. What hideous noyse : what winde is this ?

Cec. That which never blows to good. Behold 'tis he
Who lurking in the Idol's is ador'd.

*Enter Devils leading Saphricius, with a wreath of Serpents on
his head : Almachius and Officers led in Chains :*

Leading a Renegade who has rejected

What you embrace : with him enchain'd the Judge

And Officers are led, his Vassals now.

Heavenly Musick.

*Enter Angels and Blessed Spirits, Valerian, Tiburtius, Maxi-
mus, Nicephorus; all with Crowns on their heads: the
good goe out on the right hand, the bad on the left.*

Mar. My Childe what musick's this ?

Cec. As opposite

To what you heard, as is this glorious Wight
To that infernal monster.

Mar. And what are these ?

Cec. Thrice Happy souls, that of *Valerian*,
This *Tiburtius* : the third of *Maximus*,
Whose candid Vests with bloody tincture shine.
Lastly that *Nicephorus*, who snatch'd a Crown
That was from Heaven descending on that head
Where now is seen a wreath of poysoning serpents.
Come Parents follow these who lead the way
To endless happiness : forsake that Night
And Fog of Hell which never shall see light.

Exeunt omnes.

*Manent Attendentes Cecilix, to speak
the EPILOGUE.*

Pal. Hum ! ha ! hum !

Phan. *Palinodio* what dost mean to doe ?

Pal. Usher the Epilogue to th' Stage.

Phan. Thou might'st,
Were it a Lady.

Pal. Such I'll prove it is.
For as a Lady is cry'd up for fair
By one, by another but indifferent,
And not so much by a third, but infinitely

Cry'd

Cry'd down; So are our Playes and Epilogues.

Mer. Yet a good Speaker ith Conclusion,
(Which thou art not) may crye it up agen,
Therefore give way to me *Phantasio*.

Pal. Yes, were the Prologue to be sung, I would.

Mer. Tush! how impertinent you are! am not I
The Poet?

Pha. What then? so was the Water-man,
Who puffing row'd his Prologue to the Stage
As he was wort to toyl 'gainst tyde and winde.

Ang. Away, you all contend but to no purpose,
Was not the subject of our Play a Lady?
Whom then but Ladies do's it most concern?
Or whom, if not one of her sex, doth it
Beseem to speak the Epilogue?

Pha. 'Tis true,
I grant for Ladies this sutes well.

Ang. Then Poet
To men make your Addressses.

Mer. I will, hum! ha! hum!

Ang. More manners Sir, Ladies must first be serv'd.
Ladies,

Angusta, here (who would *Angusta* shine
In Court like to your selves) lost her design,
Yet still ambitious to be happier now,
Courting the Female sex, I need not bow
In a submissive way; for that would bee
To wrong our Poet, who requested mee,
Only to tell you, cause you are cry'd down
As creatures of less merit, les's renown)
To set before your eyes what your sex can,
At least as good if not excelling man.
As constant, firm, as resolute in all;
As vertuous every way, now when you shall
Reflect upon the Master-piece you've seen,
(Applauding that) you needs must have within
A Candid brest, (which fully shall requite
Our Authors labour) that we call delight,
VVhich ushers Vertue unto higher strayns.
You have his scope, to recompense his pains;

But emulate his Copy,---I'th mean while
It is enough t'obtain a Lady's smile.

Mrs. Gentlemen,
Sh' has said enough, what then is left for me?
Onely t'entreat a quick Reflexion; see
And well observe each Ladies Eye and Look,
To sympathize with them is but to brook
VVhat pleases them; --- Ladies example give
By clear Aspects whether we die or live:
For we conclude,--- so sails our Ship to day,
By Ladies we are fav'd, or cast away.

FINIS.

The Converted Thine

It is enough to make a man's heart
beats with a quick motion; let

And will observe such things as I have
to the end of the world; let

It is enough to make a man's heart
beats with a quick motion; let

And will observe such things as I have
to the end of the world; let

It is enough to make a man's heart
beats with a quick motion; let

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